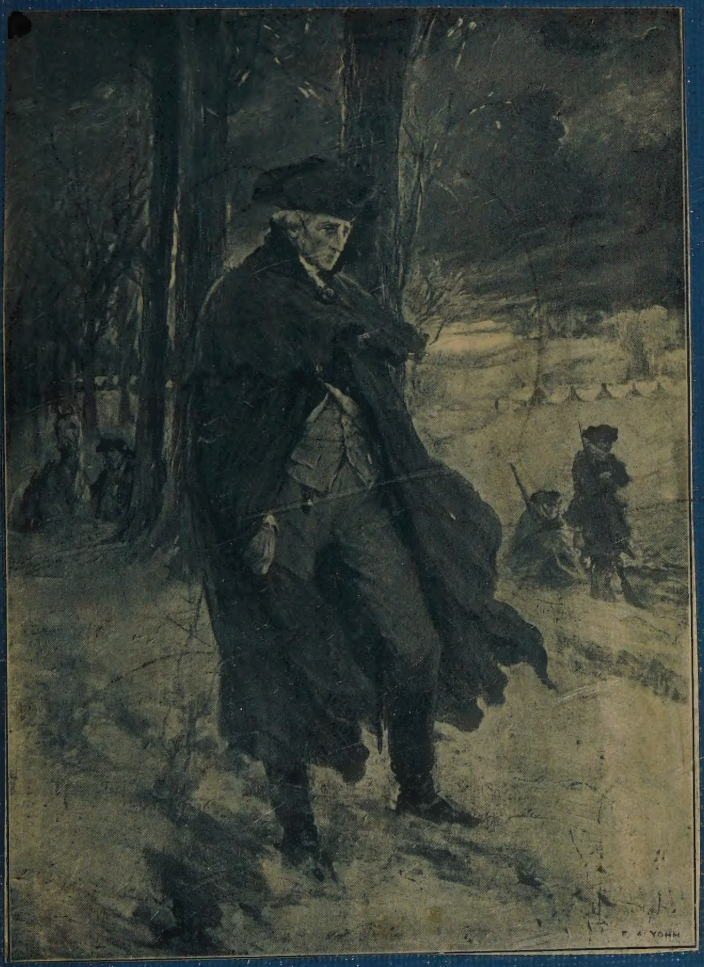
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OUR PATRIOTS

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American engineers marching in London

"These young men are going to fight for that which is most dear to them, their freedom and the freedom of mankind" [*Page* 8]

OUR PATRIOTS

BY

WILBUR F. GORDY

AUTHOR OF

"STORIES OF EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY," "AMERICAN BEGINNINGS IN EUROPE,"
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

This is one of a group of books designed to teach American ideals and American patriotism. The author has no intention of narrating historical events or of presenting biographical details. His leading purpose is rather to make definite and clear the meaning of patriotism and to give a true conception of our country as a land of freedom and opportunity, where the government is of the people, for the people, and by the people. To this end he has made a careful selection of the men and women whose lives give expression to these ideas, and has tried to set forth clearly their patriotic aims and the ideals which animated and inspired their words and deeds.

Two large groups of readers have been kept in mind. The first includes all those children who are certain to leave school as soon as the law for compulsory attendance will permit. Of these one-half leave school before reaching the

end of the sixth year and more than a third before they have finished the fifth year. Ten million out of twenty million children will never have the advantage of much more than five years in school. The other group, and it is very large, consists of foreign-born adults. Of these there were in 1910 in this country two million five hundred thousand who were unable to speak or write English.

Both these groups should be made ready to meet the responsibilities of intelligent citizenship in a democracy like ours. They should be taught the fundamental elements of our institutions, the basal facts in our national history, and the moral idealism which has guided and controlled the lives of our leaders and heroes. Thus will our children be socialized, the foreign-born adults Americanized, and the standard of citizenship elevated throughout our land.

In carrying on this work of education and training, it is hoped "Our Patriots" may be made to play a useful part. The author has tried to present the facts in such simple language as to make the book easy to read either by young children or by adults who have not

advanced far in their ability to read English. The typographical arrangement and the suggestions to be found in "Some Things to Think About" will, it is hoped, assist in bringing vividly before the mind of the reader the events and ideals presented in the text.

In conclusion, I wish to acknowledge my deep obligation to Miss Elizabeth P. Peck, of the Hartford Public High School, who has read the manuscript and has made many valued criticisms and suggestions, and also to my wife, whose helpful sympathy and able assistance have done much to give the book whatever merit it may possess.

WILBUR F. GORDY.

HARTFORD, CONN., July 1, 1918.

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CHAPTER I

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A PATRIOT

THESE are wonderful days in which you are living. No other children, since the world began, have grown up amid such stirring events. It is a time of great and swift change. The world of a few years hence will be very different from the world of to-day.

The thought of the awful war raging across the sea is constantly before our minds.

We are told that a fair region has been laid waste, its crops ruined, its trees cut down, and its soil torn by shells and gashed with trenches.

We see pictures of heaps of ashes and broken stones, where once stood beautiful churches, or comfortable homes in which little children lived and played.

We learn that those who lived in this region have been driven forth, the little children often separated from their mothers, and all suffering as you cannot imagine.

We read that over these lands far and wide rolls the thunder of great guns; while from the battle-front streams a long line of wounded or weary soldiers, and toward it advances a great company of others who are to take their places in the trenches that face No Man's Land.

We see young men—perhaps our own fathers or brothers among them—go away to be trained for service.

We see soldiers and sailors, clad in khaki or blue, marching in our streets with the flag carried high before them. We hear the crowds cheer as they pass.

We know that the soldier boys are soon to go far away from home and country, to cross the sea with its hidden perils, and to brave the dangers and hardships of the trenches, in order that they may join in the fierce fighting of the great world war.

We see that those left at home, while they may be sad or lonely at times, are proud and glad that the one who has gone is doing his part. We see the service-flag with its star hung in the window of the soldier's home. We see churches and shops and business offices all

proudly displaying the banner upon which the stars show how many of those who have been with them have gone "into the service."

We listen to stories of heroic and sacrificing deeds, and our hearts beat faster. We are thrilled as never before.

We ask: "What does it all mean? Why do men leave their peaceful homes and go to places of such awful suffering?"

The answer comes: "These young men are going to fight for that which is most dear to them, their freedom and the freedom of mankind. For that right their forefathers fought and died, and the young men of to-day are but defending their birthright. It was at their country's call that they dropped their daily tasks to give themselves in the cause of freedom and, by their loyal service, they are proving their patriotism."

PATRIOTISM AND OUR BIRTHRIGHT OF FREEDOM

And what is patriotism? It is love for one's country—a strong desire to serve her, to protect her, and to make and keep her strong, and true, and honored among nations.

By some this service is shown in one way, by others, in another. Some are gallantly facing the guns. Some are making guns. Some are building ships or airplanes. Some are producing food. Some are making cloth for the soldiers and sailors. Some are nursing the wounded. Some are making bandages. But all, if truly patriotic, are loyally putting their country's good ahead of selfish interests.

You see, then, that patriotism is something fine and strong, calling out the best in human nature, and that for us Americans it means not only love of country but love of freedom.

Freedom is the very breath of our life. Our nation was born free, and upon ideas of freedom it has been nourished and has grown strong. It is our free life which has brought so many millions of people from other lands to America.

We must not, therefore, think lightly of our precious birthright of freedom. We cannot prize it too highly, for it was won for us by the sacrifice and unselfish devotion of the founders of our nation, and has been cherished and handed down by a long line of patriots.

If we read or study about the past days

of our country and the wonderful growth of our nation, we see that there are some men and women who stand out as leaders in different periods. They had high hopes for this country and unselfishly worked to make those hopes real. Without their service, America would not be the fair land that it is.

These were all true patriots, each serving his country in his own way, according to the service needed, just as our patriotic men and women of to-day are doing their service in the present time of need.

By learning about the patriotic men and women of earlier days, we may see how strong and noble was their love for their country, and perhaps catch something of their spirit of service so that we too can become patriots.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What is a service-flag, and why should every American boy and girl be proud to have one hung in the window of their home?
2. What is patriotism? By what kinds of service are people showing their patriotism to-day?
3. What has brought so many millions of people from other lands to America? Why?
4. In what way can we learn how to become patriots?

CHAPTER II

THE PILGRIMS

If we close our eyes and think far back to a long time before our great-grandfathers lived —a time about three hundred years ago—we may see, or imagine we see, a little ship tossing at anchor in a wintry harbor on our New England coast, not far from where the city of Boston now stands.

The little sailing-vessel cannot come close to the shore, but stanch and sturdy men are carrying the women and children across the shoals to the land. There are about one hundred people in all.

The ship is the *Mayflower*. It has just ended a stormy voyage of sixty-four days across the Atlantic. The passengers are the Pilgrims, of whom we have heard so often.

At great sacrifice these brave people have left their comfortable homes in the Old World, and have come to an uncivilized country to build up a state far away from the land whose laws

they found so hard. They have sought a place where they could worship God in their own way, and bring up their children to be God-fearing, liberty-loving men and women.

Here they are bent on beginning a New World, where they shall be free men in a free land. The people of this new world are to rule themselves. They are full of faith and courage for the future.

The Pilgrims call the place where they land Plymouth, after the town from which they sailed in England.

Let us watch them at their first task of making a settlement; and we shall see with what courage and loyalty they meet the difficulties of starting a home in a new, strange land, and how they work out their ideas of freedom and justice.

As soon as they land (December 21, 1620), all set to work. Some of the men and boys are chopping down trees, others are sawing the trunks into logs of proper length, and still others are dragging the logs to the places where they are to be used.

All the work has to be done by hand, for we

must remember that the Pilgrims have brought no horses or oxen, and in fact no animals at all, except a dog or two. How cheerfully the blows of the axes and the voices of the men ring out in the wintry air!

While the men and boys are doing their part in chopping and sawing and in building huts, the women and girls are quite as busy kindling fires, washing clothes, cooking food, and doing the many other things that are needful for the family comfort. You see how loyally they work together. All are helpful; all are eager to help.

The cabins they put up are alike in form and size. The logs are laid one upon another to make the walls of the building. The cracks are filled with straw and mud, and the roof covered with reeds.

THE FIRST WINTER AT PLYMOUTH

During that first winter their food is plain, and very often there is little of it. Bread made of wheat, rye, or barley is about all they have. Only once in a while, when a hunter kills a deer or a wild fowl, can they have meat, for we must

remember that they have not even a chicken. Cold water is their only drink. There are no cows to give milk even for the children.

No doubt the thoughts of the Pilgrim boys and girls often go back to the good things they enjoyed eating and drinking in the homes they have left across the Atlantic. But they are too brave to speak about it.

Besides having little good food, the Pilgrims suffer much from cold, for they are without warm houses to live in. Until their dwellings are finished, they must go aboard the *Mayflower* each night to sleep.

The lack of good food and of warm clothing and shelter causes much illness. At one time only their minister, Elder Brewster, and their military leader, Captain Standish, and five others are well enough to care for the sick. Captain Standish, although a fierce warrior in time of battle, is a gentle and kind nurse in sickness. He cheerfully helps out in cooking, washing, and other household duties. He is loyal to the struggling little settlement, and gladly gives his time and strength in the service that is most needed.

The life proves too hard for the weaker ones, and at times there is a death every day. At the end of that first terrible winter one-half the settlers have died. Yet, when in the spring the *Mayflower* sails back to England, how many do you think want to go? Not one! So firm are they in their determination to found a free land.

THE PILGRIMS IN THEIR MEETING-HOUSE

When the milder days of spring come, the Pilgrims join in building a meeting-house, where they hold gatherings of all kinds. On Sunday it is a place of sincere and humble worship. On week days it is the meeting-place when they wish to talk over some plan for the public good, such as the building of a road or bridge.

These week-day meetings are like the town meetings held in some places to-day. Let us see how the Pilgrims give each man a voice in the laws. We will attend a week-day meeting.

The Pilgrim men all come, wearing their broad-brimmed hats. They have no voting-machines, no printed ballots, not even a slip of paper to write upon. They use corn and

beans, a kernel of corn meaning yes, and a bean no. Simple as the method is, it makes each man one of the rulers of the little state, for his vote counts in making the laws and in levying the taxes.

Slowly the little Pilgrim community grows. But it does grow and is successful. In the fall, in spite of the suffering and sorrow they have undergone, the colonists proclaim a thanksgiving to God for His goodness to them.

Although weak in numbers and poor in all that money can buy, the Pilgrims are rich in those things which are worth far more—faith in God, the desire and will to do what is right, and the willingness to endure great hardship and suffering for the sake of a great ideal. These priceless qualities of faith and goodness and courage they put into their daily living. They are implanted also in their laws and institutions, and so still live to guide and inspire us.

We can never cease to be thankful for our inheritance from these Pilgrim forefathers. Its value is beyond measure. It goes on increasing with the years.

In this little struggling community are the beginnings of our American republic, the first to proclaim liberty to the world. The Pilgrims' gift of freedom and justice is not only to this country but to all nations.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did the Pilgrims come to the New World?
2. Imagine yourself at Plymouth with them during their first winter in New England, and tell about their sufferings.
3. What kind of man was Captain Standish, and how did he help out in the dark days of trial?
4. What do you admire about the Pilgrims? Why should we be thankful to them for what they did?

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CHAPTER III

JOHN WINTHROP

From time to time news of the free life of the Pilgrims reached a group of people in England who were suffering under the same kind of tyranny as that from which the Pilgrims had fled.

They were called Puritans, because they wished to make more simple, or pure, the forms of worship of the Church of England, of which they were members.

Finally they too resolved to leave their comfortable homes in the Old World, where Kings and bishops were so powerful, and sail away across the sea to take up their fortunes in a land of freedom.

These were not simple folk like the Pilgrims. Many were rich, some belonged to families of high rank, and some had great learning.

But they were like the Pilgrims in their firm resolve to go to a place where they could

live under laws of their own making and worship God as their own hearts bade them.

A small company came over in 1628 and settled at Salem. But not until 1630—ten years after the Pilgrims reached Plymouth—did the great body of Puritans begin to come over in throngs. Nine hundred of them, led by John Winthrop, a rich lawyer and country gentleman, settled first at Charlestown, and then spread out to Boston and other towns near by.

The first part of this company arrived in eleven vessels, bringing horses, cattle, and many other things useful in settling a new country. The voyage had taken nearly nine weeks; so, although they had left England in early spring, it was about the middle of June when they reached the Massachusetts coast.

A TIME OF TRIAL AND SUFFERING

Their plans had been carefully made and a small company sent ahead to build houses and do the spring planting.

But in spite of their foresight, all did not go as they had planned. Cold weather came

An Indian welcome on Charles River

Nine hundred Puritans . . . settled first at Charlestown, and then spread out to Boston and other towns

before they were ready for it. The crops were disappointing. For food, they had to depend on the fish, clams, and mussels that they could pick up on the wind-swept shore, the acorns and ground-nuts they could dig from under the snow, and the small amount of corn they could get from the Indians. "Bread was so very scarce," wrote one of the Puritan settlers, "that I thought the very crusts from my father's table would have been sweet to me."

Moreover, to provide shelter for this large number was no small task. At first the poorer settlers lived in tents or booths hastily put up on the hillsides. These frail structures of course would afford little protection against storms or cold, and would have to be replaced by cabins.

Dismayed by the cheerless outlook and fearing death by famine or freezing, about one hundred sailed back to England before the winter set in.

But John Winthrop was not of the kind that turns back. Cheerfully making the best of things and sharing his goods with the less fortunate, he set to work with a will.

Shelter was the most pressing need; so,

shirking no humble task, he joined in felling trees and building log huts. Soon rows of little cabins with stone chimneys and windows made of oiled paper showed the result of their labor.

But in spite of their brave endeavors, the severe trials of that winter—the scant, coarse food which did not agree with them, the bad drinking-water (for they had not discovered that they were in a land rich in pure springs), the poor shelter, and the hard labor to which they were not used—proved burdens too heavy for the weaker ones to bear.

Before December two hundred had died. "It may be said," wrote one of the Puritan leaders, "that there is not a house where there is not one dead."

Yet amid all this suffering and sorrow they held to their faith in God. Hope and courage did not desert them, and in the darkest hour John Winthrop wrote to his wife, who had not yet joined him: "I thank God I like so well to be here, as I do not repent my coming."

THE BRAVE AND FEARLESS JOHN WINTHROP

It was this man of strong and beautiful character who held the colony together. His brave spirit and unselfish devotion during that distressing winter cheered and heartened the others. Brave and fearless, he had no thought of giving up. Forgetting his own trials and sufferings, he set his mind and heart on the great task of building up a community in which he and his fellow Puritans could carry out their own ideas of religion and government.

Founded upon such courage and faith, the colony prospered and grew, spreading out into the surrounding country.

In the early days, when the colony was small, all the freemen met with the governor and other high officials and helped to make the laws. But as the towns increased and the freemen became so many, it was not easy for all to gather in one place. So the voters in each town then began to elect men to represent them in a lawmaking body called the General Court. This was the beginning of representative government in New England.

John Winthrop lived to see the colony, whose charter he had brought over, grow to include many towns, and Boston, which he had founded, become a prosperous capital. During twelve years he was governor.

Little as he gave thought to his own place in the colony, he played a large part in its successful growth, and to-day we think of him as one of our country's first patriots.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did the Puritans come to New England?
2. What kind of experience did they have during their first winter there?
3. How did John Winthrop show his loyal spirit?
4. What kind of man was he, and what do you admire about him?

CHAPTER IV

ROGER WILLIAMS

The Puritans had given up their homes in old England and faced the hardships of an unsettled country because they held their religion dearer than anything else in the world. Since freedom to worship in their own way had cost so much, they wished to be sure of not losing it.

So they made very strict laws. In these they said:

"Every one must go to the Puritan Church. No one shall vote or take any part in the government except members of that church."

But some of the Puritans did not like these laws. Among them was Roger Williams, a young minister recently come to the settlement. He was much loved for his gentle and noble qualities, but he alarmed the Boston elders by the freedom of his views. He went, therefore, to Plymouth, where they made him as-

sistant to the pastor, and later he went as pastor to the church in Salem.

It was while he was in Salem that he said openly many things which the Puritans of Boston did not like. Imagine their dismay at hearing one of their own number say to them and to the world: "You do not own the land you live on; it belongs to the Indians." And again: "You have no right to tax people to support a church to which they do not belong. Nor have you any right to force people to go to church. Every man should be allowed to settle with his own conscience whether he will go to your church, or whether he will go to any church."

He was only speaking what he believed to be the truth, but the Puritans feared he would break up the spirit of union among them, and therefore thought him unsafe. They had suffered so much to settle a place where they could make their own laws that they could not allow any one to talk against them. Such a person as this young minister, if not of their mind, should go elsewhere, they thought, and leave them to carry out their own ideas.

ROGER WILLIAMS FORCED TO LEAVE THE COLONY

They held a council and decided to send him back to England. But as he was too ill to go at that time, they gave him permission to stay in the colony through the winter if he would not preach.

As soon as he grew stronger, however, his Salem friends began to visit him and spend much time in discussion. Many came around much to his way of thinking. So the Puritans, fearing his influence in the colony, determined to send him at once to England, and a ship was then in the harbor about to sail.

When Roger Williams received notice that he was to go, he bade a hasty good-by to his wife and two children—one a little girl two years old and the other a baby—and three days later, when the men who were to escort him to the ship arrived at his home, he was not there.

He had set out for the home of Massasoit, who lived near Mount Hope, seventy or eighty miles to the south. He had made friends with this Indian chief and also with other Indians while living at Plymouth.

The outlook was dark. It was midwinter, and the snow lay deep on the ground. As no road had been cut through the forest, he had to depend on his compass for a guide. To keep from freezing, he carried an axe to chop wood and a flint and steel to kindle fires.

This long journey in extremely cold weather was indeed a severe trial to the lonely traveller, still weak from his recent illness.

The Indian chief welcomed him to his cabin, and there Roger Williams passed the rest of the winter.

THE SETTLEMENT OF RHODE ISLAND

When spring came, he left Massasoit and went to seek a new place of settlement. He started out in a frail canoe for a place called Seekonk, but he tells us that Governor Winthrop wrote him to go to the land of the Narragansetts, which would be free from English claims.

Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, is said to have loved as a son this fair-minded young man who defended the Indians' claim to their land; and he made him a gift of the island lying across Narragansett Bay.

The Indians told him where there was a good spring of water, and, with five or six friends who had joined him, Roger Williams went there and made a settlement. He called it Providence, because of God's mercy to him in his time of danger. This was the beginning of Rhode Island, a colony where all men, no matter what might be their religion, were welcome.

Roger Williams believed he was right in taking the bold stand that the Puritans should not force their religion upon any one.

It took much courage to stand up against the Puritan laws in a Puritan community. He knew that in doing so he was risking the comfort of himself and his loved ones, and that he might suffer the loss of home and friends. But he believed that men should be governed in their religious faith only by their own conscience, and was willing to suffer himself if in so doing he was able to help on religious freedom for others.

He wanted to build up a community where each man might be free to act in matters of religion according to his own best motives; and in giving up his comfort and well-being to found such a state he was a true patriot.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Roger Williams said many things which the Puritans of Boston did not like. Tell what some of these things were.
2. Why was he sent out of the colony?
3. Imagine yourself with him during his mid-winter journey, and tell what happened.
4. In what ways did Roger Williams show that he was a brave and true-hearted man?

CHAPTER V

THOMAS HOOKER

If we could go back to the early summer of 1636, and look down from some lofty height upon the valley of the Connecticut River, we might see, one day in June, a pleasing sight. A group of about one hundred men, women, and children are travelling on foot through the leafy wilderness and approaching the banks of the river at the place we now call Hartford.

They have with them all their belongings. Their household goods are piled high in carts drawn by big, patient oxen, and before them they drive their cows and other domestic animals. One of their number, the wife of the leader, being ill, rides in a litter carried on the shoulders of two stalwart men. The children are laughing and skipping along or sedately walking beside their elders.

The sky is cloudless, the trees are in fresh, new foliage, and the air is sweet with the blossoms of wild honeysuckle already dropping its

petals on the grass. When the lowing herds of cattle stop to browse on the green shoots along the way, the children run to urge them on.

Who are the travellers, and from what place do they come?

They are a company of settlers from the Massachusetts colony, seeking new homes in the Connecticut Valley.

Thomas Hooker, the tall, majestic man you notice, is their minister and leader. They have come from Newtown, journeying forth like Roger Williams in quest of greater freedom than the Puritans allow.

They have been two weeks on the way. This life in the open has been a new experience to them, used as they once were to much ease of living in old England.

But the preaching of their minister has kept them in good heart during their tiresome journey, and they are happy in the thought of the freedom they will have in their new homes.

As they approach the place where Hartford now stands, they are much pleased with its beauty. The rolling hills, the broad, peaceful river and its banks wooded with oaks, elms,

and tulip-trees, the rich, green meadows, the wigwams of the Indians, and here and there the few log cabins of earlier settlers, all make a restful sight for the eyes of the tired travellers.

It is here on the beautiful banks of the Connecticut that Thomas Hooker, the apostle of free government, is to make real his dream.

THE PEOPLE TO GOVERN THEMSELVES

From its first settlement, Hartford seems to go quietly and steadily on its way. It has its share of troubles within and without, but around the little meeting-house as a centre, the colony strikes its roots deep into the soil, and becomes the first-fruits of free government, as Thomas Hooker understands it, that is, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

In the meeting-house here, on Sundays, at the call of the church-bell, passing through armed guards at the door, the pious and steadfast people meet for worship. The men sit on one side, the women and children on the other, all ranked in the order of their importance in the community. The burning eloquence of their pastor keeps faith and courage alive and

greatly strengthens them for their weekly duties.

On week-days, when a road is to be cut, or a bridge built, or some other public matter attended to, it is in the meeting-house again that all the freemen assemble to cast their votes —yes or no—each according to his wisdom and judgment.

In all the affairs of the colony, both of religion and government, Thomas Hooker is their leader. He is gentle and loving in spirit, especially to the poor, yet he can be severe to those whom he believes unworthy. His religion is warm and glowing, and makes itself felt in the daily affairs of the colony.

This far-sighted patriot is a man of much learning, of strong will, and deep sense of justice. He has no liking for a community where only church members can vote or hold office. He believes that all are happier if they have a voice in making the laws. Under his rule the first written constitution in America is drafted.

All that he values most he cheerfully gives in the cause of freedom; and in giving each man, church member or not, a share in the govern-

ment, he helps on the cause of freedom for all men. For this great service to mankind we should never cease to honor the memory of Thomas Hooker.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did Thomas Hooker leave Newtown and go to Hartford?
2. Imagine yourself with him in his journey through the woods, and tell what happened.
3. What were Thomas Hooker's ideas of government? What do you mean by "government of the people, for the people, and by the people"?
4. Why should we honor the memory of Thomas Hooker?

CHAPTER VI

JOHN SMITH

A VERY different picture is seen on the banks of the James River, where was made the first settlement in Virginia.

Thirteen years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth, a group of merchants, nobles, and sea-captains in England, calling themselves "The London Company," planned to start a settlement in the New World. They had no high religious purpose in view. They merely wished that the settlers whom they sent over might make the company rich by finding much gold and silver and by building up trade.

The first group to come over (1607) consisted of about one hundred five men—no women or children. They were mostly "gentlemen," or men who had never worked with their hands. You can imagine how poorly they would be suited for life in an unsettled country!

They had intended to land at Roanoke Island, but a storm drove them out of their

course. So they entered Chesapeake Bay and sailed up a beautiful river with the flowers of a Southern May blooming along its banks. They named the river James in honor of their King.

Fifty miles from the mouth of the river they landed and, after looking about, chose a place in which to settle, naming it also after their King—Jamestown.

Before they were fairly settled trouble began. It was very hot in the new country, and the damp air rising from the undrained swamps brought disease. Many fell ill and tossed about in fever on their rough beds. Sometimes three or four died in a single night.

Then, too, food was scarce, their long sea voyage having used up most of their supply. Each man had only a cupful of barley to last all day. It was mouldy at that, and had to be mixed with the muddy water of the James River.

To make matters even worse, the Indians were unfriendly and kept the wretched settlers in constant terror. Very soon after the white men came, two hundred Indians had attacked them, killing one and wounding eleven. After

that guards had to be set, each man taking his turn as watchman every third night. Lying on the damp, bare ground caused more illness and sometimes there were not five men strong enough to carry arms.

How different was this sad plight from the easy life they had expected! We cannot help feeling a deep pity for them. Their sufferings were so great that before the summer ended half of them had died.

SMITH A BRAVE, STRONG MAN

Perhaps none of them would have lived but for a certain brave, strong man among their number. This man was John Smith.

According to his story, he had already passed through many dangers in foreign lands, often barely escaping death. He had returned to England just in time to join these men coming to America. Being fearless and quick to think what to do, he proved a very great help to the colonists. Indeed the very life of the colony often depended upon him.

The London Company had given him orders to search for a passage to the South Sea, for

many even then believed America to be a thin strip of land with the sea lying just beyond the mountains to the west. But he dared not leave the colony while it was in so great danger of perishing.

Before long, however, the cooler days of autumn set in and the future looked much brighter. There was more food and less sickness. Game began to run in the woods, their green vegetables ripened, and water-birds and fish were plentiful. New houses were built, and fresh purchases of corn were made from the Indians.

Smith now thought that he might leave the colony for a while. So in December, with nine white men and two Indian guides, he started out to explore.

After some days he reached the Chickahominy River. He had not gone far up this little stream when he added another to his list of exciting adventures. He had gone ashore in a canoe when he suddenly found himself surrounded by two hundred Indian warriors. They captured him and carried him away, taking him around to many of their villages

and at last to the long wigwam of their chief, Powhatan.

There it was decided to put him to death. Some of the warriors placed two stones upon the ground, then seized Smith and laid his head upon these stones. Their clubs were raised to strike a death-blow, Smith tells us, when the chief's little daughter, Pocahontas, rushed forward and threw her arms about his neck, begging her father to spare his life. Powhatan yielded to the pleading of his little daughter, Smith's life was saved, and three days later he was set free.

He hurried back to Jamestown and found that during his four weeks' absence the settlers, again out of food, had lost heart and were making ready to sail away in the pinnace.

By good chance a ship came from England that very day, bringing fresh supplies and one hundred twenty new colonists. What a welcome they received! The little Indian maid Pocahontas also came with a band of Indian braves, bringing baskets of corn, wild fowl, and other kinds of food.

The next summer Smith made another

voyage, this time going up the Chesapeake as far as the Susquehanna. Here he met a large body of Mohawk Indians, proud and haughty warriors of the North, and saw a large fleet of their canoes on the bay. He continued his voyage far up the Potomac River.

JOHN SMITH MADE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL

Returning to Jamestown, Smith was made (September, 1608) president of the council, and thus became the leading man in the colony. Order and industry came with his rule. "He who will not work may not eat," said he, and the soft-handed "gentlemen," knowing that Smith meant what he said, learned to chop wood. Every one worked six hours a day and, as you might expect, brighter days came.

Still troubles were not over. Powhatan, alarmed by the coming of so many more settlers, began to fear that his people would be driven from their hunting-grounds. So he thought out a way to kill off the Englishmen without putting himself in too much danger. He refused to give them corn, believing that they would starve.

But Smith had come to understand the Indians and knew that the settlers must make a brave stand. So with about forty men, well armed, he made his way to Powhatan's village and said in a firm voice: "We must have corn."

At first Powhatan pretended that the Indians had none, but as Smith repeated his demand the wily old chief said: "I will give you corn if for every basketful you will give me an English sword."

But Smith knew better than to give swords to the Indians. "No," he said, "I have no swords and guns for you, but we *must* have corn." And the Indians were compelled to carry it on board his boat.

Powhatan then pretended to be friendly, but in his heart he was planning to murder Smith and his men that night, for he knew that because of the low tide the boat could not leave for several hours.

Again little Pocahontas proved herself the white men's friend, for at the risk of her life she came in the darkness to warn them of their danger. Smith was on his guard and the next morning all sailed away unharmed.

Thus Smith, sometimes by friendliness and sometimes by force managed the Indians.

SMITH'S LOYAL SERVICE TO JAMESTOWN

Another trial arose, not from the conditions in the new land, but from the vain dreams of the London Company that each vessel which took colonists to Virginia should come back laden with gold. The Company were spending vast sums of money, and they were looking impatiently for a return.

At one time a gold-seeking expedition for several weeks went up the river, using up large stores of much-needed provisions, besides wasting the time of one hundred twenty men. Smith saw clearly that it was best to give up these useless journeys. "Nothing comes but by labor," said he.

Besides the exploring trips we have mentioned, Smith made others of value. In one of his voyages along the Atlantic he visited the spot where later the Plymouth colonists landed. He made the first map of this region and named it New England.

It was owing to John Smith's courage and

good sense that the Virginia colony lived through those first hard experiences. He was wise and firm. He knew how to deal with the Indians and how to make the idle work. His energy and his love for daring adventure well fitted him for the difficult task of settling a new country.

He sought neither freedom of religion nor government by the people. Yet in following the romance of his nature he gave himself freely in loyal service to the founding of Jamestown.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell about the sufferings of the Jamestown settlers.
2. In what way did little Pocahontas save John Smith's life?
3. How did he manage the Indians, and also the settlers?
4. How did he show his loyalty to Jamestown? For what do you admire him?

CHAPTER VII

THE BALTIMORE FAMILY AND THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND

Among the people in England who were having a hard time because they were unwilling to obey the laws about public worship were the Catholics. Some were fined, and some put into prison. They suffered so much on account of their religion that one of their number, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, resolved to plant a settlement in the New World, where they could be free to worship God in their own way.

Being a personal friend of King James, it was easy for him to get permission to plant such a colony in New-found-land. But as it was too cold there for the settlers, they remained only a single winter; and Lord Baltimore then got the consent of the new King, Charles I, to plant a colony in the land lying north of the Potomac.

Before he could carry out his plans Lord Baltimore died; but his son, the new Lord

Baltimore, took up the work of planting a Catholic settlement in the New World. By the King's request, the colony was to be named Maryland, in honor of the Queen, Hen-ri-et-ta Ma-ri-a.

In November, 1633, the company, made up of twenty "gentlemen" and three hundred laborers, sailed from England in two ships. They were well supplied with food, tools, and other things needed in a new country, Lord Baltimore himself bearing most of the cost, which was equal to nearly a million dollars of our money to-day.

After a voyage of more than three months and a stay of eight or nine days for rest at Point Comfort in Virginia, they reached the Potomac. Near its mouth, on a little wooded island, they planted the cross as a sign that it belonged to a Catholic people.

The settlers were charmed with the beauty of the land—with its broad rivers, fertile plains, and wooded hills. The strange trees, the wild grape-vines, the flocks of wild turkeys, and the birds of bright colors—all these delighted the newcomers.

Friendly Indians, crowding the river banks, gazed in wonder at the huge ships, scooped, they thought, like their canoes, out of single tree trunks. They wondered where such great trees could grow.

THE CATHOLIC SETTLERS IN MARYLAND

Sailing a few miles up the Potomac, the settlers entered a broad bay, near the head of which was a good landing. They chose this for their first settlement, and called it Saint Mary's.

The settlers bought a tract of land from the Indians, paying for it with steel hatchets, hoes, and pieces of cloth. These Indians seemed glad to have the white strangers dwell in their country and allowed the settlers to plant at once in the lands already cleared for their own corn-fields.

The Indian braves helped the white men in their work, and the squaws taught the white women how to bake "pone" and to fry "hominy"—two dishes which were new to the settlers. When later the Indians came to the settlement with wild turkeys and other food, they received

a fair price and often spent the night with the white men, without fear on either side.

But even though the Indians were friendly, the colony had its troubles. Its neighbors, the colonists of Virginia, claimed the land where the Ma-ry-land-ers had settled and were angry at them for taking it. They disliked, also, to have a Catholic colony so near to them.

In time, however, this trouble passed over. Lord Baltimore made people of all Christian faiths welcome, and every one might worship as he pleased. Many came from the other colonies of the New World, as well as from England.

The climate, also, was mild, and the soil fertile. So the settlers were successful and contented in their new homes.

You see in all we have said about Maryland the work of two patriotic men. The first Lord Baltimore desired to plant a colony where a group of his fellow Catholics should be free to worship God in their own way, without fear of being punished for doing what they believed to be right. The second Lord Baltimore was quite willing to allow other Christian men and

women to come into this Catholic settlement and attend any church they might choose for themselves. Both men helped in the cause of freedom.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did the first Lord Baltimore wish to plant a settlement in the New World?
2. How did the second Lord Baltimore help out the Catholic settlers he sent over to America?
3. In what ways did the Indians show their friendly feeling for the newcomers?
4. In what ways did the first and the second Lord Baltimore help in the cause of freedom?

CHAPTER VIII

HENRY HUDSON

Among the people of the Old World who were waking up to new ideas of liberty and freedom were some who were not at that time suffering any hardships of religion or government, but were seeking more freedom in other ways. The Dutch, for instance, who had long been a seagoing people, were thrifty traders. They were seeking a share in the riches of the New World and, also, a short route to India. It was for this purpose that they employed Henry Hudson, a bold and skilful sea-captain, to make the voyage that gave them a place in free America.

About two years after the settlement of Jamestown, he sailed, trying first to make a northeast passage through the Arctic Sea; but finding that way blocked with ice, he changed his course toward the west and south. Reaching the Atlantic coast, he touched the shores of the New World in several places.

Arriving near the mouth of the James River, then coasting along to the north, he entered a broad inlet which he thought might be a passage through America. It proved to be what we now call the harbor of New York. There, in September, 1609, he cast anchor.

His mate gives a lively picture of what happened there. According to his account, the Indians came on board, "seeming very glad of our coming," and bringing green tobacco, which they exchanged for knives and beads. Some were dressed in mantles of feathers and some in furs. "Some women, also," he adds, "came to us in hemp," wearing "about their necks things of red copper."

About ten days later, Hudson sailed again, directing his course northward in his little vessel, the *Half Moon*, still looking for the Northwest Passage, or the short water route to the Pacific Ocean.

He went only as far as the place where Albany is now, for it became plain to him that this was a river and not a strait after all, and he turned back toward the open sea. The high banks on either side led Hudson to call it the

River of Mountains; but it was afterward named Hudson for him.

HENRY HUDSON AND THE INDIANS

During this voyage on the river he saw many Indians. At some places they sent flights of arrows from the shore, and other bolder ones shot out in canoes, swarming around the boat. When the arrows were answered by bullets, the Indians turned and fled.

But some were friendly, and one old Indian chief came out in his canoe to invite Hudson to his wigwam. Hudson went, and was surprised to find a well-built, circular house of oak bark, with an arched roof. Food was served for him in red wooden bowls; and as a special honor to their guest the Indians shot two pigeons with their bows and arrows, and also killed a fat dog which they skinned with shells.

But Hudson could not remain with the chief overnight to enjoy the feast which was to be made ready for him. He returned in a few hours down the river. At other places, as in the harbor, the natives came aboard and sold small skins for trifles.

Henry Hudson sailed back to Europe without having found the Northwest Passage. But he had done something far greater. He had started the fur trade with the Indians, which brought the Dutch to America; and he had also found the best seaport on the shores of the Atlantic.

NEW NETHERLAND BECOMES NEW YORK

The Dutch made friends with the Indians, and round the trading-post on Manhattan Island, New Amsterdam, there rapidly grew up the thriving colony of New Netherland. People flocked there from many countries, for trade was profitable and all religions were allowed.

Settlements spread along the rivers and around the harbor. Dutch governors came and went, brave old Peter Stuyvesant being the last of them. After him came an English government under the Duke of York and New Netherland became New York.

But the passing of the Dutch governors did not mean the end of what the Dutch settlers had brought to America. Many of their names

and customs have come down through well-known families and still live with us to-day.

Our great city of New York is very little like the peaceful region which Henry Hudson saw as he lay at anchor in the mouth of the river. If he could have been given a glimpse of the towering buildings that now surround that busy harbor, he would have known that his voyage was very far from being a failure! Yet he did not need to foresee all this, for even in the face of hardship and dangers and what seemed failure, he stuck to his task, and thus did a lasting service to New Netherland and to America.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What was Henry Hudson seeking in his voyage to America? What did he find?
2. Tell about some of his experiences with the Indians.
3. In what way did his voyage prove of great value to the Dutch?
4. What do you admire about him? How was his service of lasting value to America?

CHAPTER IX

WILLIAM PENN

About fifty years after the Pilgrims and Puritans went to New England, there was another body of worshippers in England who were having a hard time because they insisted on their own way of worship. They called themselves Friends. By others they were nicknamed Quakers.

Some of their customs were new and strange. For instance, they would not go to war, nor pay taxes to support war, because they believed it was wrong to fight. And because they believed all men were equal, they would not take off their hats to any man, even to the King.

One of these Quakers, William Penn, was a rich man, and the son of a powerful admiral. He saw that the only way for his Quaker friends to have peace was to make their home in the New World, as others had done who suffered for their religion.

As the Quakers were poor, he used his own large fortune to carry out his plan. It happened that King Charles II owed him $80,000. For a King who liked to spend money as well as Charles II did, this was a big debt to pay. But there was something Penn wanted more than money, and he proposed to the King a way to settle the debt without having to pay out a penny.

"Will you give me land in the New World instead of money?" he asked.

"Willingly," said the King.

You see that the land had cost the King nothing, and giving up claim to it meant very little. So he set off for Penn a large tract lying west of the Delaware River. King Charles II was so well pleased with this easy payment of his debt that he courteously named the land Pennsylvania (meaning Penn's woods). This was in 1681.

PENN'S QUAKER COLONY

In the same year, a colony of about three thousand Friends, rejoicing to escape from their dangers and sufferings in England, went

to the New World and settled on the banks of the Delaware.

In October of the next year, Penn himself left England to join his colony. On his ship were one hundred passengers, most of them Quakers who had been his neighbors in England. Imagine the quick beating of their hearts when they reached the colony and were welcomed with shouts of joy that came not only from the Quakers who had preceded them, but from the Swedes and Dutch among whom these Quakers had settled.

A little later they sailed up the river until they came to the mouth of the Schuyl-kill (Skoll'kill) River, where a new city was to rise. The plan of the city was simple. The streets were to cross each other at right angles, and were named Pine, Spruce, Chestnut, Cedar, and so on, after the trees that were blazed in the forest to show where these streets should lie.

Penn named the city Philadelphia, which means "City of Brotherly Love." The name showed the kindly feeling which Penn had for the settlers and which he wished them to have for one another.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS

Penn's own loving spirit overflowed even to the Indians. He paid them liberally for the land, although he had already paid the King a large sum; for he believed that the Indians had rights, and he wished to deal fairly with them.

This purchase of land was made very impressive at a council meeting under the branches of a spreading elm, where Penn said to the red men:

"The friendship between you and me is not like a chain, for the chain may rust; neither is it like a tree, for the falling tree may break. It is as if we were parts of one man's body. We are all one flesh and blood."

These were beautiful words and they showed plainly the kindness which the great Quaker leader felt toward the men of the forest. Their hearts responded, and they said: "We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and moon shall last."

Penn often met the Indians and visited in their cabins, and the rulers of the colony and the natives kept their faith with one another.

The poor savage people believed in God, they said, and they would teach them their rights as men.

In the next few years, settlers from many countries came in large numbers to Pennsylvania, falling easily into the quiet, prosperous life of the colony. People liked to live where the laws were wise, and where they could be free to worship as they pleased.

It was the law of kindness and the love of freedom, not only for his Quaker friends, but for all men, which guided William Penn in planting the colony that became in time the great State of Pennyslvania.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did William Penn wish to plant a Quaker settlement in the New World? How did he treat the settlers?
2. Tell what you can about the meeting between Penn and the Indians under the elm-tree? Why were they friendly to him?
3. Why did people like to live in Pennsylvania?
4. In what ways did William Penn show his loyalty and patriotism?

CHAPTER X

JAMES OGLETHORPE

In the days when America was being settled by peoples who sought religious freedom, there were men in England who were suffering from other troubles than those brought about by their religious beliefs.

At that time the laws about debt caused great and hopeless misery. When a man could not pay what he owed, he was put in prison, and if he had no friends to get him out, he might stay there the rest of his life. Indeed, many died in a short time from starvation, filthy quarters, and despair.

Among the rich men of high birth who lived in England at this time was James O-gle-thorpe, a brave soldier and noble, kind-hearted gentleman. He resolved to do something to help these poor men, who in many cases were not dishonest but victims of hard and unwise laws.

His plan was to set the most worthy free, after getting their debts paid, if they would

agree to come with him to America, where he believed they could begin over again and make their lives more successful.

Besides his wish to help these poor men, James Oglethorpe had another purpose in mind. He thought that by planting a colony far to the south strong enough to ward off attacks from the Spaniards who had settled in Florida, he would be serving his country as well.

He carried out his plan, and early in 1733 with his company of men, he reached the south coast of North America and chose a high bluff near the banks of a river as a place of settlement. He called the settlement Savannah, after the beautiful Indian name for the river, and named the colony Georgia in honor of King George II, who had granted him the land.

At first Oglethorpe made his home in a tent, sheltered by four beautiful pine-trees, and there he lived for more than a year.

Like Penn, he treated the Indians fairly, and thus won their friendship.

As a token of good feeling, one day they handed him a buffalo-skin, on the inside of which was a picture of the head and feathers

of an eagle. "Here is a little present," they said: "The feathers of the eagle are soft, and this means love. The skin of the buffalo is warm, and this means protection. Therefore love and protect our people."

Such was the beginning of a lasting friendship between Oglethorpe and the Indians. They were friendly to him because he was just and kind to them. They lived in peace with him, just as the Indians farther north lived in peace with William Penn.

He tried hard to be fair in his dealings with the settlers also. But they did not like his way of governing, because they were not allowed any share in making the laws.

There were other things they did not like. No rum could be made or sold in the colony, nor could the colonists have any negro slaves. Although Oglethorpe had good reasons for the stand he took on these questions, the settlers were not satisfied. They declared that they needed the rum, and that the climate was so hot and bred such fevers that they must have negroes to do the work.

In the course of years the colonists were

allowed to have their way in these matters and to make their own laws.

Before that time came, however, Oglethorpe returned to England, greatly disappointed because there had been so much ill feeling toward him among the colonists.

But James Oglethorpe knew that his motives were right. He had unselfishly given up comfort and ease in old England for unending care and labor in the New World, in order that he might give to the oppressed the opportunity to make the most of their lives and might serve his fellow countrymen in America.

Although this colony did not at once prove to be all that Oglethorpe had hoped, better days came with the coming of better men, and it lived to take its part as one of the thirteen colonies that made the United States of America a free and independent nation.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What was Oglethorpe's plan?
2. How did he treat the Indians, and how did they feel toward him?
3. Why were the settlers in the Georgia colony dissatisfied?
4. What do you admire about James Oglethorpe?

CHAPTER XI

PATRICK HENRY

"GEORGE, be King," said the mother of George III, when he was crowned. She meant: "Let no one tell you what to do." These words had a pleasing sound to the young ruler, then only twenty-two years old, for he wished to have his own way as King. He cared little for the rights of the people, either in England or in America, because the more power they had, the less he would have.

But the people did not take kindly to his high-handed ideas. There were many, both in England and in the American colonies, who were resolved to oppose them rather than give up the rights of free, liberty-loving men.

After the last French War ended, George III wished to send to America a standing army of at least ten thousand men. He brought the matter before the English Parliament, saying: "The army is to protect the land from the French

and from Indian uprisings. Why, then, should not the colonists help pay for its support?"

Parliament, being made up largely of the King's friends and willing tools, was quite ready to do whatever he wished, and passed a law taxing the colonies for that purpose. The law was called the Stamp Act because it required the colonists to put stamps—varying in cost from one cent to fifty dollars—upon all their newspapers and upon such legal papers as wills and deeds.

The passing of this law made the colonists angry, and they were loud in their complaints against it. They said: "We care nothing about the amount of the tax, but we do care about paying money which we have had no share in voting.

"We Americans are as free as the men in England. In that country it is the law that no freeman shall pay taxes unless they are levied by those who represent him in Parliament.

"Since we have no one to speak for us in Parliament, we stoutly refuse to pay taxes which Parliament votes. The only taxes we will pay are those voted by our own representa-

tives in our own colonial assemblies. If we pay taxes which are laid on us without our consent, we are slaves.

"Besides," they added, "we believe the King is sending the army over here to compel us to do just as he says."

One of the strongest opposers of the Stamp Act was Patrick Henry, a young lawyer of Virginia but little known outside of his own county until he was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, a body not unlike our State Legislature.

We have a vivid picture of young Henry at that time as he entered Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, to take his seat for the first time in this assembly.

He rode on a lean horse, carrying his papers in a pair of saddle-bags. He was young, only twenty-nine years old, tall and thin, with stooping shoulders. His face had a set look, and there was a twinkle in his small blue eyes. He wore a brown wig, a peach-blossom coat, leather knee-breeches, and yarn stockings. One meeting him would hardly have seen under his rough appearance a great leader of men.

GREAT EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE STAMP ACT

As he rode into the little town of Williamsburg, he found great excitement. People were standing in groups along the street and talking in anxious tones.

"What shall we do about the Stamp Act?" they asked. "Shall we tamely submit to it, as if in fear of the English King? Shall we beg Parliament to repeal it? Or shall we take a bold stand and say that we will not obey it?"

In the House of Burgesses, also, there was grave discussion. Most of the members were wealthy planters and owners of large estates. What they thought had great weight in the colonies. These men spoke of England as the "Mother Country." They were loyal to her, and wished to settle all disagreements as peaceably as possible.

So they said: "Let us do nothing rash, but let us move slowly and carefully. Let us ask the King to make changes in the laws that we think unjust, and then, if he will not listen, it will be time for us to refuse to obey."

Patrick Henry, the new member, sat quietly in his seat, following closely all that was said.

A THRILLING SPEECH

But he could not agree with these older men. To him delay meant danger. The freedom of his countrymen was at stake. Something must be done and done at once. Upon a blank leaf torn from a law-book, he hastily wrote some resolutions, and then, rising to his feet, he read them to the assembly.

The rather awkward-looking young man, badly dressed, was in striking contrast to the prosperous planters with powdered hair, ruffled shirts, knee-breeches, and silver shoe-buckles.

When the new member began in quiet tones to read his resolutions, these gentlemen looked at him with great indifference, as if they would say: "Who cares what this presuming fellow thinks? Who is he, anyway, and why should he be so bold as to tell us what is best to do?"

But as they listened, their scorn changed to breathless interest; for the speaker's eyes began to glow, his stooping figure straightened,

and his voice rang out clear and strong. They leaned forward to catch his every word.

"The General Assembly of Virginia, *and only the General Assembly of Virginia*," he exclaimed, "has the right and power to lay taxes upon the people of this colony."

These thrilling words fell like a thunderbolt upon the startled audience. No one had dared voice such thoughts in public before.

An excited debate followed, in the course of which Patrick Henry, blazing with indignation, cried: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third . . ."

"Treason! treason!" interrupted angry voices, for Cæsar and Charles I had both been put to death.

Pausing a moment, the young orator calmly and fearlessly added, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

Patrick Henry was more than a match for all those older men of affairs. His wonderful eloquence carried the day, and his resolutions were passed.

It was a great triumph for the cause of liberty

and for its leader. "Stick to us, old fellow, or we're gone," said one of the plain people, as he was going out of the door at the close of the session.

In the same doorway, that day, there had stood, intently listening, a tall, slim young man, with a thoughtful, scholarly face. His name was Thomas Jefferson. We shall hear of him later.

Not only in Virginia, but in other colonies also, Patrick Henry's fiery words acted like magic in uniting the people against the Stamp Act.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICANS IN ENGLAND

Even in England there were many leading men who were against it. They saw that George III was making a huge blunder in trying to tax the colonies without their consent. William Pitt was one of these. He was the ablest man in the House of Commons and the most powerful English statesman of his time. In a great speech, he said:

"I *rejoice* that America has resisted. The Americans have been wronged! They have been driven to madness by injustice!"

Edmund Burke and Charles Fox, other great statesmen, were also our friends and were outspoken against the course George III was taking. In fact, the greater part of the English people were fair-minded and believed it wrong to require the Americans to pay taxes which they had had no share in voting.

So strained was the feeling in both countries and the loss of trade to English merchants so heavy that the Stamp Act was repealed about a year after it had been passed.

Great was the rejoicing in the colonies. If George III had been content to let matters rest, history might have been very different. But he could not be satisfied until he had had his way.

ANOTHER GREAT SPEECH

Nine years later, the people of Virginia were again deeply roused. King George had caused soldiers to be sent to Boston to force the people there to obey his commands, against which they had rebelled. Because Virginia had stood by her sister colony, the royal governor of Virginia had forbidden the House of Burgesses to meet at Williamsburg.

But the Virginians were not to be overcome in that way. Grimly determined to defend their rights as freemen, they elected some of their leaders to act for them in their day of trial. These men, among whom was Patrick Henry, met in Richmond, in old St. John's Church, which stands to-day as a monument of that historic gathering.

It was a critical hour in the life of Virginia. Thoughtful men were very serious, for the war-cloud was growing blacker every hour. The people of the colony were already preparing to fight if they must. But many still hoped that war might be avoided, and advised moving slowly and with caution.

Patrick Henry saw no wisdom in such policy. Believing in prompt and fearless action, he stood up in this meeting and offered a resolution that Virginia should at once get ready for war. Again, as in 1765, many leading men in the gathering strongly opposed the resolution as rash and unwise.

As the debate went on, there was great and increasing excitement. For some time Patrick Henry listened in silence. At length he rose to

his feet, and in a voice trembling with deep emotion, spoke with an eloquence which held the audience in breathless stillness. Listen to his thrilling words:

"Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. . . . There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! . . . The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

The speaker stopped, his arms raised and his eyes ablaze with excitement. The audience was deeply moved, and not a single voice was raised to oppose him. The resolution passed by a large majority.

Patrick Henry has been called the Orator of the Revolution, he had such power to move the people by his thrilling speeches. He was a true patriot, and his burning love of freedom leaped with lightning speed to the hearts of his hearers. He knew his country was in danger, and did all in his power to save her. What patriot could do more?

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why did Patrick Henry and other patriots oppose the Stamp Act? What taxes were they willing to pay?
2. How did the greater part of the people of England think about the American opposition to paying taxes which had not been laid by the colonial assemblies?
3. Tell all you can about Patrick Henry's speech in the House of Burgesses.
4. What did he mean when he said: "Give me liberty, or give me death"?
5. What do you admire about this great orator?

CHAPTER XII

SAMUEL ADAMS

Let us imagine ourselves in Boston about the time of the Stamp Act. It is night. The town is wrapped in silence as well as darkness. Yet, if we should pass through a certain quiet street, we might perhaps see in a large, plain dwelling one dimly lighted room, and possibly the shadow of some one at a desk, writing. It is Samuel Adams, whose days are not long enough to do all that his active mind plans.

In town meeting, in colonial assembly, in pamphlets, in the press, in the club, or on the street, he is always at work with voice or pen, talking to people of their rights, and showing the way to that liberty of thought and action which belongs to all freemen.

He is a man of medium size, with gray hair and keen, gray eyes. His face, usually stern, is kindly when he smiles. His clothes are well worn, for his only means of support for himself

and his family is the small salary he receives as clerk of the Massachusetts Assembly. Besides, he does not care about clothes. When they become too rusty, his friends supply new ones.

He is especially the friend and teacher of the working men, and although he is college-bred and of an old family, they trust him as one of themselves. In the shipyards, at the wharfs, on street corners during the noon-hours, wherever working men gather, he can be seen explaining the new laws and urging the people to stand for their rights as freemen.

His great power over the people has made him dangerous to the British, and they have tried more than once to bribe him with some office under the King, or to buy him with gold, but he has always spurned their offers. "Poor as I am," he says, "the King of England is not rich enough to buy me."

Such was the man who led the people of Massachusetts in their struggle against the King. After the Stamp Act was repealed (1776), King George, so obstinate in giving way to the Americans, thought up another plan to bring them under his yoke.

The very next year, he persuaded Parliament to pass a new law taxing glass, lead, paper, tea, and a few other articles imported into the colonies.

"Very well," replied the colonists. "Then we will buy no goods from England." Feeling against the mother country became very strong.

This made English merchants, who were losing money, beg Parliament to repeal the law.

THE STUBBORN KING AND THE TAX ON TEA

So at last the stubborn King said: "Parliament may take off all the taxes except the one on tea. We must keep this tax in order to show the Americans that we have a *right* to tax them." And tea-ships sailed for America.

The King had arranged a plan with the tea merchants which would make this tea cheaper in America than in England. "Of course," he said, "the Americans will buy it if it is cheap, and will not think about the tax."

In due time the tea arrived. Then the simple-minded George III had a great surprise.

He found out that the Americans would not buy *taxed* tea at any price. They were thinking of something much larger than the cost of the tea, and that was their liberty.

In New York and Philadelphia the people refused to let the tea be landed, and in Charleston the people stored it in damp cellars, where it spoiled. But in Boston, there was a most exciting time, which led to the "Boston Tea Party," the strangest tea-party ever known.

It was on a quiet Sunday morning, while the people were at church, that the *Dartmouth*, the first of three tea-ships bound for Boston, sailed into the harbor. The news spread like wild-fire. It reached the people in the churches. Soon the streets were alive with excited crowds.

Before night, Samuel Adams and other leading patriots met and had their plans in action. First they got a promise from the owner of the *Dartmouth*, Benjamin Rotch, that he would not land the tea before Tuesday. This gave time to spread the news and get the people together.

On Monday morning there was a mass-meeting of five thousand indignant men, some

from near-by towns, at the Old South Church. There it was voted that the tea should not be landed, but should be sent back to England.

Thus began a bitter struggle between the people, led by Samuel Adams, to prevent the landing of the tea, and Governor Hutchinson, who upheld England. According to the law, if at the end of twenty days the tea had not been sent back to England, it could be landed by force. Here was a chance for trouble, because the tea could not leave the harbor without permission from the clerk of customs or a pass from the governor.

Eighteen days passed. The nineteenth arrived, and still the ships were in the harbor. It was a critical day in the life of Massachusetts and our country. Men, talking angrily and shaking their fists with excitement, were thronging into the streets of Boston from surrounding towns. By ten o'clock, over seven thousand had gathered in the Old South Church and in the streets outside.

They sent for Rotch, the owner of the *Dartmouth.* When he told them he could not get a clearance from the clerk of customs, they

ordered him to get a pass from the governor, and report to them in the afternoon.

Late in the afternoon, a great throng of earnest men again crowded into the Old South Church to wait for the return of Rotch. It was an anxious time. But while, in deep suspense, the vast crowd waited, John Rowe asked: "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?" A whirlwind of applause swept through the large gathering.

A FAMOUS TEA-PARTY

While the meeting still waited, the shadows of the short winter day crept on. Darkness had followed dusk and candles were lighted before the owner of the *Dartmouth* returned. When he appeared, the church was breathlessly still. "The governor refuses to give the pass," he said.

An angry murmur arose, but the crowd soon became silent, for Samuel Adams, the presiding officer, had stood up. Quietly he said: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

These words were plainly a signal. Outside

a war-whoop sounded, and forty or fifty "Mohawks," men wearing blankets in Indian fashion and carrying hatchets in their hands, rushed down Milk Street to Griffin's Wharf, where the three tea-ships lay at anchor.

It was bright moonlight, and everything could be plainly seen. Having set a guard, these orderly "Indians" quickly boarded the vessels, broke open the chests, and emptied the tea into the harbor. It took them three hours. At the end of that time, three hundred and forty-two chests of tea had been poured into the sea. Its value amounted to $100,000.

At this tea-party, there was no confusion. Many stood on the shore and watched the "Mohawks" at their work. Yet not a man reported to the British officers what he had seen.

The next morning, while wet tea-leaves lay heaped along the shore, the Boston housewives cheerfully drank a tea brewed from sassafras and pennyroyal!

The Boston Tea-Party was a triumph for the Boston patriots, and Samuel Adams was the greatest patriot of them all. It was he who had managed the affair from start to finish, and

led in the struggle against the King. Few battles of the Revolution meant so much.

Samuel Adams was a man who could completely forget himself if winning friends for the cause of freedom; and he did more than any man of his time to arouse the love of liberty in the colony. Up to the last, his patriotism was earnest and sincere, and his life was one of great service to his country. He was perhaps the first to look ahead to the time when America should be a nation by itself.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. For what did Samuel Adams wish day and night?
2. Why did King George believe the Americans would pay the tax on tea?
3. Why did they refuse to pay this tax?
4. What was the Boston Tea-Party? Imagine yourself one of the "Indians" and tell what happened.
5. What kind of man was Samuel Adams, and what do you admire about him?

CHAPTER XIII

PAUL REVERE

KING GEORGE, very angry about the Boston Tea-Party, sent soldiers over to put down "the rebels," as he called them, and he made their commander, General Gage, military governor of Massachusetts. This was not at all to the liking of the colonists, for they were constantly under the eye of a British general, appointed to carry out the will of the King.

One of the first acts of the new governor was to send home the members of the Massachusetts Assembly. The people of the colony were no longer allowed to make their own laws.

But the Americans were not to be treated like slaves! No sooner had the assembly been broken up than they appointed a new governing body, called the Provincial Congress.

With John Hancock as its president and Samuel Adams as its leading spirit, this congress began at once to get ready for war. They called for an army of twenty thousand men,

and began to collect military stores, such as cannon, muskets, powder and ball, and flour, at Concord. Everywhere companies were formed called "minutemen." They were to be ready at a minute's notice to go wherever they might be needed.

Soon General Gage received orders from England to seize John Hancock and Samuel Adams as traitors. He knew that these two men were staying for a while with a friend at Lexington. He had learned, also, through his spies, that the minutemen had collected some cannon and military stores at Concord, twenty miles from Boston, and only eight miles beyond Lexington.

General Gage planned to capture both leaders and ammunition in one expedition. But he did not catch the colonists napping.

Thirty young patriots, led by Paul Revere, had formed a society to spy out the British plans. Always on the watch, these young men at once carried the news of any strange movements to such leaders as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, and Doctor Joseph Warren.

On the evening of April 18, 1775, Revere

and his friends brought word to Doctor Warren that they believed the British general was about to carry out his plan of capturing Adams and Hancock at Lexington and of destroying the stores at Concord.

General Gage had forbidden any one to go out from Boston that night. But without a moment's delay, Doctor Warren arranged to send Paul Revere and William Dawes on horseback to Lexington and Concord to warn the people. They were to go by different routes, with the hope that at least one might escape capture by the British mounted officers, with whom Gage had carefully guarded all the roads leading from Boston.

Dawes was soon on his way across Boston Neck, while Paul Revere went home to leave orders for a lantern-signal to be hung in the belfry of the Old North Church, to show by which route the British forces were advancing, "one if by land, and two if by sea." Then, booted and spurred, he stepped into a light skiff with two friends, who rowed him from Boston across the Charles River to Charlestown under the very guns of a British man-of-war.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

On the Charlestown side, a fleet horse was brought, and Paul Revere, waiting in the moonlight, bridle in hand, strained his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the signal-lights. At eleven o'clock one light flashed forth. Intently he gazed. A second light gleamed out from the belfry. "Two if by sea!" he said to himself. "The Redcoats are crossing the Charles River and will march through Cambridge."

Not a moment longer did he wait. Leaping into his saddle, he sped like the wind toward Lexington. Suddenly two British officers sprang out, one trying to block his way, and the other to take him. Quickly turning his horse, he swung into the Medford road and was gone. Ten minutes later, he was in Medford, where he stopped long enough to warn the captain of the minutemen there.

Again he was off in swift flight, pausing only to wake the people at every house along the road with his ringing shouts: "Up and arm! Up and arm! The regulars are out! The regulars are out!" Then the hoof-beats of his flying horse died away in the distance

He reached Lexington just at midnight. The eight minutemen who guarded the house where Adams and Hancock were sleeping warned him not to disturb the people inside with his noise. "Noise!" cried Paul Revere. "You'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are out!"

William Dawes soon joined Paul Revere in Lexington, and after taking a little food, they started off together to warn Concord. Doctor Prescott, a prominent Son of Liberty whose home was in that town, went with them. About half-way there, a guard of four mounted British officers ordered them to halt. Prescott managed to escape by making his horse leap a stone wall, and rode in hot haste to Concord, where he gave the alarm. Paul Revere and William Dawes escaped for the moment, but a little later both fell into the hands of another group of British officers.

Meanwhile, the British troops, numbering eight hundred men, under the command of Colonel Smith, were marching to Lexington. But they had not gone far before they knew by the ringing of church-bells, the firing of signal-guns, the beating of drums, and the gleaming of bea-

con-fires on the surrounding hilltops that the minutemen had been warned.

Colonel Smith, disturbed by these signs of coming danger, sent Major Pitcairn ahead with a picked body of troops, in the hope that they might reach Lexington before the town could be aroused.

PATRIOTS WILLING TO DIE FOR THEIR RIGHTS

But the British commander was too late. Already the alarm signals had called to arms thousands of daring patriots, willing to die for their rights as freemen. Wakened suddenly from sleep, men had snatched their old muskets from over the door or fireplace, and, bidding good-by to wife and children, were off to the meeting-place long since agreed upon.

Just as the sun was rising, Major Pitcairn marched into Lexington. Forty or fifty minutemen stood ready to oppose him. Riding up to them, he shouted: "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" The minutemen bravely stood their ground. Pitcairn gave the order: "Fire!" Eighteen minutemen fell to the earth.

Before Pitcairn's arrival, the British officers

who had captured Revere and Dawes returned with them to Lexington. Commanding Revere to dismount, they kept his horse and let him go. He ran at full speed to the house in which Samuel Adams and John Hancock were staying, told them what had happened, and then guided them across the fields to a place of safety.

On their way they heard the guns firing on Lexington Common, and the sound so stirred the soul of Adams that in joy he cried out: "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" In the sound of the guns he heard the coming of liberty. Men were standing up for their rights. The first battle of the Revolution had been fought.

Paul Revere's famous midnight ride for his country we Americans shall always remember with joy and pride.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. For what signal was Paul Revere looking?
2. Imagine yourself with him on that famous midnight ride and tell what happened.
3. Why did he take this ride?
4. In what way did he show his patriotism?

CHAPTER XIV

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

One of the days of the year to which you look forward is July Fourth. On that day you "celebrate," and I think most of you know that the event you celebrate is the signing of the Declaration of Independence, by which our country became a nation by itself. We will see what events led up to that deed, so glorious for our country.

Let us imagine ourselves in Philadelphia in the early summer of 1775. It is now a thriving town of thirty thousand, the largest in the colonies.

We notice in the well-kept streets an unusual stir. Distinguished strangers are approaching and entering a red-brick building, Carpenters' Hall, on Chestnut Street. They have come to represent their various colonies in the second meeting of the Continental Congress.

Shall we enter with them, and as they take up their work try to find some of our old acquaintances, and perhaps make some new ones?

SOME LEADERS IN THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

The man acting as chairman is one of the two Paul Revere saved by his daring ride to Lexington—John Hancock. He is young, handsome, rich, of good family, and an earnest patriot. He presides with ease and dignity and seems to be a favorite with all.

Presently we recognize Samuel Adams. No patriotic meeting would be complete without this clear-headed thinker and devoted patriot.

His cousin, John Adams, already well known as a brilliant lawyer and debater, is also present. Although he is to become the second President of our United States, he does not yet know that there will ever be such a nation.

Standing near John Adams is a man who would be noticed in any gathering. He is a large, fine-looking gentleman, with long, white hair, large, clear eyes, and broad, high forehead. His face is kindly, and his simple, easy manner seems to indicate that he has seen much of the world. He is Benjamin Franklin, now in his seventieth year, a great thinker and writer, well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

He has just lately returned from England, where he has been in the service of the colonies.

Patrick Henry, too, is there. He is ten years older than when he took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, but still a young man, showing at times sudden gleams of the orator's fire beneath his usually quiet manner. His great appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," has become the country's watchword.

The large, stately man, with grave face and courtly manner, is George Washington. He is in the uniform of a Virginia colonel. What a fine presence and dignified bearing! How unconscious he is of the strong part he is to take in the great drama of which we here see the opening act!

A tall young man with quiet, retiring manner, and the face of a scholar and thinker, seems in some way familiar. Finally we recognize him as the one who stood in the doorway listening earnestly and responsively to Patrick Henry's speech on the Stamp Act ten years before. He is a Virginian of wealth and good family, a great student of law, and a clear writer.

He, too, is to play a large part, about which we are to hear presently.

The others—there are forty or fifty in all—are men of importance in their colonies. They are lawyers, planters, and merchants.

The first meeting of the Continental Congress had been held in Philadelphia six months before, in September, 1774. A plan for uniting the colonies was then considered. The colonists, still thinking of themselves as free-born Englishmen, sent a letter to their King, telling him of their wrongs and asking him to right them.

What answer do you think came? Still greater wrongs! What a way to treat a high-spirited people! More soldiers were sent over, and it was plain that King George would not listen to any pleas.

Then Massachusetts prepared for war, and events followed thick and fast. The battle of Lexington and Concord was fought. Boston was surrounded by minutemen, and Fort Ticonderoga was captured. That was the way matters stood when the Continental Congress met in Philadelphia the second time (May,

1775). Whether they wished it or not, the colonists were at war with the mother country, and they must take steps to carry on that war.

AT WAR WITH THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Plans were made to raise a Continental army, and George Washington was made its commander-in-chief.

Yet, after they had gone so far, Americans still called themselves English colonists. They were fighting only for their rights as free-born Englishmen.

To give a last chance for a peaceful settlement, Congress sent another letter to the King. But King George was so angry that he would not listen to the letter. He would not even receive the messenger who carried it.

He called the colonists rebels. He ordered ships of war to burn their towns. He at once sent to Germany to hire Hessian soldiers to make war upon the Americans.

This was very stupid of King George. He thought to frighten the colonists so that they would not dare to unite. Instead, he drove

them closer together, for they saw they must work shoulder to shoulder or else give up their freedom.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE ADOPTED

At first, only a few had thought of becoming independent of the mother country. Now it seemed to be the only course open. Listen to what happened in the Continental Congress in the summer of 1776.

On June 7, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, rose and moved that the colonies "are and of a right ought to be free and independent states."

After long debate, a committee, of which Thomas Jefferson is chairman, is chosen to write the first draft of this great state paper, the Declaration of Independence. Congress makes some slight changes, and it is adopted on July 4. One by one, the members step forward to sign their names.

When John Hancock, the president of the Congress, writes his name in large, bold letters, he quietly says: "King George can read that without spectacles." Then he adds: "We

must all be unanimous. We must all hang together."

"Yes," says Franklin, with a flash of his quick wit, "or we shall all hang separately."

These men know full well what signing such a paper means. In case of the failure of their cause, they will be hanged as traitors.

After the signing, old Liberty Bell peals forth the glad tidings that the United States is now a free nation. We are no longer to seek or petition King George or his ministers. Whatever dealings America and England have hereafter are to be as between two separate nations.

It took five years of hard fighting and great suffering for the new nation to make good its claim. But it had begun the task. July 4, 1776, was the birthday of our nation. Do you wonder that we celebrate it?

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Do you know what event we celebrate on July Fourth?
2. What had we been fighting for before we declared our independence of England? What were we fighting for after the Declaration of Independence was signed? How did the signers show their patriotism?
3. Who wrote the first draft of this great state paper?
4. What is meant by our independence of England?

CHAPTER XV

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When we think of George Washington there comes to us, not a picture of the boyhood days on a Virginia plantation, nor of the youth cantering along the roadside with his elderly friend, Lord Fairfax, seeking pleasure in a fox-hunt. We do not think of him either as the young Indian fighter, saving General Braddock's seasoned soldiers, although at that time his name was being spoken in the courts of Europe.

It is as a general, in the strength and vigor of full manhood, that we see him, carrying the fortunes of a new nation which is fighting for independence and free government. As the hero of the Revolution and commander-in-chief of its army, Washington most completely holds our attention.

He is now in the prime of life, forty-three years old, and has been always so active in private and public affairs that he has learned

how to control not only himself, but other men. That power will be very necessary to him as a commander of the army.

A few days after receiving his appointment as commander-in-chief of the Continental army (see page 88), Washington was on his way to Boston to join the minutemen, who were to form the first army.

He had not ridden far from Philadelphia when he met messengers from Bunker Hill, who said there had been a battle.

"Did the men stand fire?" asked Washington.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then the liberties of the country are safe," said Washington, and rode on.

All along the road the people received him with warm greetings, and wherever he went all eyes followed his noble figure.

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY

He reached Cambridge, and on July 3, 1775, under the famous elm-tree, which is standing to-day near Harvard University, he drew his sword and took command of the American

army. Cheers and shouts and the booming of cannon followed.

He was a tall man with fine figure, grave, handsome face, courtly manner, and most dignified bearing. As he sat upon his horse in his provincial uniform of buff and blue, wearing the three-cornered hat with the cockade of liberty, and across his breast the broad blue silk band denoting his rank, he looked every inch a noble gentleman and fearless soldier.

The army liked and trusted him at once. And when Washington came to know his men, he saw in them, untrained and lacking uniforms though they were, loyal hearts full of courage and endurance, "materials for a good army," as he said.

Washington at once set to work to drive the British out of Boston. To do this, he had the cannon which had been captured at Ticonderoga dragged on sledges over the ice and snow to headquarters. He had small boats built to make raids on the British ships for ammunition and supplies. He sent messengers to villages and towns in all the colonies to collect powder, and he trained his army. He did

all that could be done during the fall and winter days, and in March he was ready to move.

On the night of March 4, under cover of darkness and the noise of cannon, Washington led his troops and wagon-loads of supplies to Dorchester Heights, which overlooked the city of Boston. All night he stayed by his men, passing back and forth with words of cheer, while they put up defenses and placed their siege-guns.

Imagine the surprise and excitement among the British the next morning! With the guns of the Americans looking down from the heights above them, Boston was no longer safe. They left the city March 17, sailing toward Halifax, while Washington and his troops marched in on the other side, finding more powder and ball than the American army had ever seen before.

WASHINGTON GOES TO NEW YORK

Washington thought that the British, after leaving Boston, would try to take New York in order to get control of the Hudson River,

and thus cut off New England from the other colonies. To outwit them, his army must get to New York first. And it did!

Reaching New York, Washington promptly put up as strong defenses as he could, both in New York and on Long Island. Dividing his army, he sent General Putnam with one-half to occupy Brooklyn Heights, while he remained in New York with the other half. In all, the army consisted of only eighteen thousand men, most of them untrained, and all poorly equipped with arms and food.

General Howe soon arrived with thirty thousand men and a large fleet.

On August 27, Howe attacked that part of Washington's army which was on the Brooklyn side, and by his vastly larger numbers defeated them. If he had pressed on, he might have captured all of Putnam's men and even Washington himself, who, during the last of the battle, had crossed over from New York.

But it was late, and he thought the next day would do just as well. The British fleet lay in the harbor, so how could the Americans get away? You see that General Howe was

apt to put off till to-morrow, and that habit often was very fortunate—for his enemies!

When morning came, a heavy rain was falling, and on the day following, a dense fog settled down over the island.

Before noon of the third day, however, three American officers riding down to the shore noticed an unusual stir in the British fleet. Boats were going to and fro as if carrying orders. At once the officers reported this to Washington.

"It is very likely," thought Washington, "that the British ships are going to sail up between New York and Long Island and cut us off from the rest of the army."

WASHINGTON SAVES HIS ARMY

The situation was one of extreme peril. The only thing to do was to secure all the boats possible in order to get away that very night.

It was a desperate undertaking. Ten thousand men to get across, the river at that point nearly a mile wide, and the British encamped within gunshot! It seemed almost impossible.

But Washington did not hesitate. Without a moment's delay—it was then about noon—

he sent trusty messengers across the river to collect every boat of any sort or size that was within reach. By nightfall these were got together at Brooklyn ferry and manned by fishermen from Marblehead and Gloucester, every one an expert at the sail or the oar, and eager to do his best.

To be ready and yet to keep his secret, Washington gave orders to prepare for a night attack upon the enemy; and, in order to deceive the enemy, he directed that the campfires should be kept burning.

What a night of swift rowing and anxious watching! We can imagine the stern silence of the chief, who looked after every detail till the last boat-load was ready to cross. Upon his wisdom and courage rested the future of a nation—your country and mine! As the hours went by, he asked himself: "Shall we be able to keep our secret from the enemy? Or will his sentinels discover us and give the alarm?" How his great heart longed for success in this momentous hour!

A kind Providence seemed to protect them, for a thick mist settled down upon land and

sea that August night, and in the early morning it changed to a fog that shrouded East River like a curtain.

By seven o'clock every gun except a few of the largest and all the powder, food, and other supplies had been safely ferried across the river.

Washington's heart was lighter than it had been for many days, although for forty-eight hours he had known neither rest nor sleep. The retreat was as brilliant as it was daring. Washington had saved his army.

On the following morning the British could hardly believe their eyes. There was not so much as a biscuit left in the American camp. Again Howe had been outgeneralled by Washington.

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY

Even after Washington had saved his army from capture by making this wonderful escape across East River to New York, the outlook was one of great peril. The British, you may be sure, lost no time in seizing Brooklyn Heights, and then only the river separated them from

the Americans, while close by in the harbor lay the British fleet.

There was yet grave danger that Howe with his greater numbers might capture the army and bring the war to a close.

"I must try to find out his plans," thought Washington, "and the best way is to send over some trusty and brave man to act as a spy." So he called for a volunteer to go inside the enemy's lines and get information.

Now, as you boys and girls know, spying is dangerous business, for, if captured, the spy will surely suffer death. None but a brave and fearless lover of his country would risk his life in this way.

Just such a man came forward in answer to Washington's call. It was Nathan Hale.

"I am ready to go. Send me," he said.

He was only twenty-three, hardly more than a boy, and life was dear to him. Yet he loved his country more.

Washington, much pleased with the noble bearing and grace of manner of this young man, accepted him for the mission.

Nathan Hale disguised himself as a Tory

schoolmaster and entered the enemy's lines. He visited all the camps, taking notes, making sketches of the fortifications, and hiding the papers in the soles of his shoes. All went well till he was about to leave the camp, when he was captured. The telltale papers in his shoes proved his errand, and he was condemned to be hanged as a spy before sunrise the next morning.

The marshal who guarded him that night was a cruel man. He would not allow his prisoner to have a Bible, and even tore in pieces before the young man's eyes his farewell letters to his mother and friends.

But Nathan Hale was not afraid to die, and on that quiet Sunday morning he held himself calm and steady to the end. Looking down upon the few soldiers who were standing near by as he went to his death, he said, "If I had ten thousand lives, I would lay them down in the defense of my injured and bleeding country," and his last brave words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Here indeed was a true patriot!

OTHER BITTER TRIALS OF WASHINGTON

The death of Nathan Hale brought sadness to Washington's heart, but it was only one of the bitter trials he had to bear in those dark hours.

Washington saw that he could not hold New York, for his army was much smaller than Howe's and many of his men were new and untrained. You see, the term of enlistment was short, and when it was over, the men went home. So Washington was constantly exchanging trained soldiers for new recruits. Indeed, at times his problem was not only to fight battles, but to keep together any army at all!

He could not hope to win a great victory, but he fought a battle whenever he could, both to hold back the enemy and to give his soldiers experience.

Finally, the Americans had to withdraw up the Hudson, fighting stubbornly as they retreated.

Washington, taking part of the army, crossed over to the Jersey side, leaving General Charles Lee with the rest of it at North Castle.

The British, pressing on, captured two forts on the Hudson River, taking three thousand prisoners. The outlook was very dark. But worse was to follow—treachery in one of his own officers.

To prevent the British from capturing Philadelphia, Washington put his army between them and that city. The British began to move upon him. Needing every soldier that he could get, Washington sent orders to General Lee to join him. Lee refused to move. Again and again, Washington commanded, but Lee did not obey. We now know that Lee was a traitor. He basely hoped that Washington would fail so that he himself, who was second in command, might become commander-in-chief of the American army.

WASHINGTON RETREATS ACROSS NEW JERSEY

In order to save himself and his army from capture, Washington had to retreat once more, this time across New Jersey toward Philadelphia. With the British army, in every way stronger than his own, close upon him, it was a race for life. Sometimes there was only a burning bridge,

which the rear-guard of the Americans had set on fire, between the fleeing army and the pursuing forces.

To make things worse, Washington saw his own army dwindling every day, because the men whose term of enlistment had expired were leaving for their homes. When he reached the Delaware River (December 8), he had barely three thousand ragged, weary men left.

Here again Washington showed himself a master. Having collected boats for seventy miles along the Delaware River, he succeeded in getting his army safely across at a place a little above Trenton. This brought the British to a halt. General Howe, as we might expect, decided to wait for the river to freeze.

To most people, in England and in America alike, the early downfall of the American cause seemed to be certain. Said a British officer: "I could take a corporal's guard and chase the American army all over the continent." Even Benjamin Franklin, it is said, began to think the American cause hopeless.

Cornwallis—one of the ablest British generals sent over during the war—felt so sure

the war would soon come to an end that he had already packed some of his luggage and sent it to the ship, expecting in a fortnight to return to England. Truly these were "times that try men's souls."

But there were some brave patriots who had not lost hope, and the bravest of all was the American commander. Others might say, "It's no use to fight against such heavy odds. We are certain to fail." Not so Washington. His courage and energy never failed. Full of faith in the cause and in his power to win, if only the army would hold on, he watched earnestly for the opportunity, which he was sure would come, to strike his overconfident enemy a heavy blow.

He had not long to wait. Over the river at Trenton was stationed a body of hired Hessian soldiers. He planned to surprise them on Christmas night, when, as he knew, it was their custom to hold a feast and revel.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY AT TRENTON

With two thousand four hundred picked men, he prepared to cross to the Jersey side,

at a point nine miles above where the Hessians were encamped. The ground was white with snow and the weather bitter cold. As the soldiers marched to the place of crossing on this winter afternoon, some of them, with feet almost bare, left bloody footprints in the snow.

At sunset they were ready to cross. It was a terrible night. Angry gusts of wind and great swirling blocks of ice, swept along by the swift current, threatened every moment to dash in pieces their frail boats. In the dim light a solitary figure was outlined. It was their general, directing in person each detail.

As the men neared the opposite shore in the darkness, shouts were heard from the river bank. It was General Knox, who had been sent ahead by Washington, to let the struggling boatmen know where to land.

For ten hours boat-load followed boat-load in the dangerous crossing. It was four o'clock in the morning before the men, already weary, were in line to march. Trenton was nine miles away, and a fearful storm of snow and sleet was beating fiercely in their faces! Yet they marched on!

General Sullivan discovered that the guns were wet, and sent a messenger to tell Washington. "Then tell your general," answered Washington, "to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken!"

The Hessians were sleeping heavily after their night's feasting, with no thought of the approaching army. To be sure, a warning had come to the Hessian commander that Washington was planning an attack; but holding the Americans in contempt after their long retreat, he laughed and gave little thought to the report.

About sunrise, they were suddenly awakened from their deep sleep by the firing of guns. They rushed from their comfortable beds and seized their weapons, but it was too late! The struggle was brief, the victory complete for Washington. Most of the enemy were either killed or captured. Only two Americans were killed, and two frozen on the way.

It was a glorious victory. Like a gleam of light in the darkness the great news shot through the States. It brought hope to every patriotic heart. The British were amazed and startled

at Washington's daring feat. Instead of sailing for England, Cornwallis advanced post-haste from New York with a large force upon Trenton, hoping to capture Washington's army before it could get away.

WASHINGTON AND THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON

At nightfall (January 2, 1777) hardly more than a week after the Battle of Trenton, Cornwallis took his stand on the farther side of a small creek near Trenton, and thought he had Washington in a trap. "At last," said the over-confident British general, "we have run down the old fox and we will bag him in the morning." In the morning again! How easy it was for the British generals to put off!

But Washington was too sly a fox for Cornwallis to bag. He knew that his army was not strong enough to risk an open battle. During the night he left his camp-fires burning to deceive the enemy. Then, while perhaps Cornwallis was dreaming about victory on the morrow, Washington quietly led his army around the British camp, and pushed on to Princeton. There he badly defeated the British rear-guard,

and escaped to the heights of Morristown, where he took up winter quarters.

When Cornwallis got up the next morning, he saw before him an empty camp. Soon the booming of distant cannon on the Princeton road told him where the "old fox" had gone.

The effect of this triumph upon the feeling in America was electric. Soldiers had been deserting. People had been going over to the British side. Congress was losing hope. The cause was almost lost. Now a wave of joy and confidence swept over the country. New recruits came in. The colonies became more united; and across the seas foreign nations were saying: "England will lose her colonies."

Washington with his poor, ragged remnant of an army had snatched a victory from the well-seasoned, well-equipped troops of the confident enemy. It was his generalship that had saved the country.

VALLEY FORGE

Perhaps the darkest time of the Revolution was the winter following that of which we have just read. The war had been going on for more

than two years and victory seemed as far away as ever.

Washington passed this winter with his army at Valley Forge, a place in the wooded hills about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. On arriving there early in December the army spent the first two weeks in cutting down trees and building cabins, so that before long a village of log huts, with regular streets, had sprung up.

While the soldiers were building these huts, the weather was bitter cold, snow lay on the ground, and the men had not enough to eat. Their rations were mostly cakes made of flour and water, with very small portions of meat and bread. There were many times during the winter when they had to go even without bread. "For some days past," wrote Washington, "there has been little less than famine in the camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days."

It was a period of intense suffering. Most of the soldiers were in rags, and only a few had bedclothing. Blankets were so scarce that

many of the men had to sit up all night huddled about the fire to keep from freezing; and even some who were sick had no beds, or even loose straw, to lie upon.

So many oxen and horses died from starvation that the carts and wagons which brought food and fire-wood into the camp had to be drawn by men. Then there came a time when they could not get through the deep snow to chop wood. Shoes had given out; nearly three thousand poor soldiers were barefoot; and many had frozen feet.

To read about what these brave men passed through during that wretched winter makes one heart-sick. Yet, even though hungry, half naked, and cold, they remained patient and loyal through all their suffering.

A beautiful story is told, showing the humble faith of Washington during these pitiful times.

One day, when "Friend Potts," a good Quaker farmer who lived close by, was passing a wood near the camp, he heard Washington praying for help and guidance. On returning to his home, the farmer said to his wife: "George Washington will succeed; George Washington

will succeed! The Americans will win their independence."

"What makes thee think so, Isaac?" his wife asked.

"I have heard him pray, Hannah, out in the woods to-day, and the Lord will surely hear his prayer. He will, Hannah, thee may rest assured He will."

A PLOT AGAINST WASHINGTON

While the Americans were passing the winter in such suffering at Valley Forge, the British in Philadelphia were spending the season in ease and comfort. Indeed, they were thinking so much about their pleasure and amusement that they let the winter go by without fighting a battle. This, of course, was a good thing for the Americans, for they had neither army nor supplies to fight with and had trials enough in their camp.

Yet even while carrying the burden of his suffering soldiers, Washington himself had a bitter trial which none of his officers or soldiers could share. This had to do with his command.

At the approach of the British before Tren-

ton, Congress had gone from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and had given Washington full power to manage the war. But since Congress was so far from the battle-fields, it could not know the great difficulties that Washington was meeting, and began to wonder why he did not win some great victory.

Then some, who disliked Washington because he had not helped on their selfish schemes, began to say that he was not a fit man to be commander of the American army and put forward General Gates to take his place. Gates, a weak, vain, selfish man, had been given the glory of a victory at Saratoga. But this he did not deserve.

Even Samuel Adams seemed to lose faith in Washington, and John Adams thought Washington was too slow and cautious. "My toast is a short and violent war," he said with strong feeling.

Distrust and criticism, when one is doing his best, are very hard to bear. But Washington, calm and dignified, went straight on, doing whatever he believed to be best for the patriot cause, and in the end all came right. The plot

failed and the plotters fell into disgrace. Then the American people, as never before, realized the true worth of the modest but great man who was carrying the nation's burdens.

In time all learned to trust his wise leadership, and came to see that through him the independence of our country was being made safe and sure.

When we think that Washington willingly gave up the pleasant life on a Virginian plantation for hardship and anxiety such as we have just read about; that he pledged his own fortune to back a nation without money and without credit; that he was the object of suspicion and plots; that he put aside all ambition for himself, even refusing any pay for his services; that he did all this for the sake of his country; we realize something of the splendid nature of his patriotism.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why was Washington made commander-in-chief of the Continental army?
2. Where did he take command of the army? Tell all you can about his personal appearance and dress at that time.
3. In what way did Washington drive the British out of Boston?

4. Imagine yourself with him on the night when he was making his escape with his army from Long Island, and tell what happened.
5. What did he wish Nathan Hale to do as a spy?
6. How did this young man show his patriotism? What do you admire in him?
7. How did Charles Lee show his treachery? Why was he unwilling to obey Washington's orders?
8. What other trials did Washington have at this time?
9. Tell all you can about the experiences of Washington and his men the night before the battle of Trenton.
10. Describe the sufferings of the patriotic Americans at Valley Forge.
11. What was the plot to injure Washington, and why were the plotters against him?
12. What do you admire about Washington?

CHAPTER XVI

JOHN PAUL JONES

Up to the time of the Revolution, the Americans had no navy. They had not needed it, for they were under England's protection.

Very soon after the war began, however, Congress saw that it was a great drawback to our cause that the British ships could come and go as they pleased in American waters, and could attack the coast towns. So it ordered thirteen war-vessels to be built.

The little navy did good work in capturing British vessels, many of which were loaded with arms and powder, supplies sorely needed by Washington's army.

Among the sea-captains who commanded these vessels, the most famous was John Paul Jones. He was a native of Scotland, but at this time was living in Virginia.

When the Revolution broke out, he offered his services, and Congress appointed him first

lieutenant. He proved himself so skilful and brave that he was later made captain of a vessel called the *Ranger*, and sent to France.

At that time English vessels were annoying American coasts by burning and destroying property. Jones, therefore, got permission from Benjamin Franklin, who was then American commissioner at the French court, to attack British coasts in the same way.

Sailing from France in the *Ranger* he captured many vessels in the Irish Channel, and thoroughly frightened the people all along the western coast of England.

So an English war-vessel, the *Drake*, with more guns and a better trained crew than the *Ranger* had, was sent out to capture her. But after a battle of a single hour, it was the *Drake* which surrendered, with the loss of many men. The Americans lost only two men killed and six wounded.

A GREAT NAVAL VICTORY

After this victory the young captain was placed in command of a little fleet of four vessels. He named his flag-ship *Bonhomme*

Richard (Bo-nom Rē-shär), after the Richard of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which Benjamin Franklin had written.

In this ship he sailed along the eastern coast of England, looking for merchant vessels. At noon on September 23, 1778, he sighted a fleet of forty-two merchantmen guarded by two English ships-of-war. At once he decided to make an attack. This took place early in the evening. The action was mainly between the *Richard* and the English man-of-war *Serapis* (Sē-rā-pis), which was a large ship, new and swift, and much more powerful than the *Richard.*

During the first hour the American vessel got the worst of the fight and was "leaking like a basket." The British captain, feeling sure of victory, called out:

"Has your ship struck?"

Our hero, Paul Jones, shouted back: "I have not yet begun to fight."

As the British vessel came alongside his own for a more deadly struggle, Jones seized a strong rope and tied them together. Soon both were badly leaking, but the fighting went

on as fiercely as ever. Presently both caught fire.

While they were still fighting, the ship's doctor of the *Richard* came to Jones and told him that his vessel was leaking so much that the wounded were afloat, and asked Jones to surrender.

"What, doctor, would you have me strike to a drop of water?" he said. "Here, help me get this cannon over."

Then, with his own hands John Paul Jones turned his cannon upon the mainmast of the *Serapis*, and when it threatened to fall the British captain surrendered.

The *Richard* could not have held out much longer, for even before the surrender she had begun to sink. It was hard to keep her afloat during the night, and next morning at ten o'clock she went down.

This was a desperate sea-duel, and it lasted from half past seven in the evening until ten o'clock. It was important in its results, for it won respect for our flag and gave a wonderful uplift to the American cause. The victor, John Paul Jones, was loaded with honors, and

from that day took rank with the great sea-captains of the world. His heroism and his loyalty to our country should never be forgotten.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. With what purpose did John Paul Jones sail from France in the *Ranger?*
2. Tell all you can about the terrible fight between the *Richard* and the *Serapis.*
3. What do you admire about John Paul Jones?

CHAPTER XVII

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

At the time of the Revolutionary War the vast region stretching from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi was valued by England on account of its furs; and English fur-traders here wished to keep the land in its wild state so that it would continue to be good hunting-ground for the Indians.

Even before the Revolutionary War began, however, the rich soil of this Western country was tempting American settlers in the seaboard colonies to go over the mountains into Kentucky and Tennessee and make settlements there. The Indians did not like this, because the cutting down of the forest-trees and the clearing of the land would drive away the wild animals and spoil their trade in furs. So they became enemies of the settlers.

The British officer who was in command of the Northwest was Colonel Hamilton. From his fort in Detroit he sent out orders to the

Indians to make as much trouble as possible for the settlers throughout this region by burning their homes and by murdering and scalping the people.

The Indians gladly obeyed, not only because they disliked to have settlers come, but because the British paid them for every scalp they brought to the fort. When, however, some of these parties crossed the Ohio and made attacks upon the settlements of Kentucky, they brought trouble upon themselves and quite upset the plans of Colonel Hamilton.

CLARK'S BRILLIANT PLAN

For among these sturdy men who had gone from Virginia to Kentucky was a young surveyor who had worked out a brilliant plan of conquering for his country the vast stretch of land north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, the region of the Great Lakes. This man was George Rogers Clark.

He was then about twenty-five years old, straight and tall, with ruddy cheeks, sandy hair, and honest blue eyes that peered out from under heavy, shaggy eyebrows. His strong

body could endure almost any hardship, and his splendid health was equalled by his spirit of adventure. He was a skilful woodsman and had seen something of border warfare.

In the summer of 1777 he sent out two young hunters as spies into the country north of the Ohio. Early in October, taking with him the reports which they brought back, he started on horseback to ride through the forests and over the mountains to Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. It took him a month to make this journey, a distance of six hundred twenty miles.

The plan which he laid before Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, was a bold one. It was to capture from the British the whole region lying north of the Ohio River. Patrick Henry at once fell in with it; and Clark was made a colonel, with power to raise men and gather supplies at Pittsburgh.

THE CAPTURE OF KASKASKIA

In May (1778) he was ready to start with about one hundred eighty men and a flotilla of boats. His purpose was to attack first the

British post at Kaskaskia, which was near the Mississippi, in what is now the State of Illinois.

The men rowed and drifted down the Ohio day and night for several weeks. When they finally left their boats, they had to walk more than one hundred miles across the prairies. On reaching Kaskaskia, they surprised the garrison and easily took the town. Within a month of that time, before the British could gather their forces, Clark had captured every post in the Illinois country, including the strongest one at Vincennes.

About the middle of December Vincennes again fell into Hamilton's hands. Six weeks later, as soon as Clark, who was then staying at Kaskaskia, learned from an Indian trader that the British garrison at Vincennes was small, he set out on one of the most daring adventures of the war. With only one hundred seventy men—nearly half of them Creoles (partly Indian and partly French blood)—he started from his headquarters at Kaskaskia on a journey of more than two hundred forty miles to attack the fort.

A PERILOUS MIDWINTER JOURNEY

It was the first week in February, and a sudden thaw had melted the ice and snow, causing the rivers to overflow their banks so that the meadows and lowlands along their route were under water from three to five feet deep. For five of the sixteen days spent on the march the men had to wade through this water. The weather was bitter cold and they were half frozen.

To make matters worse, their supplies gave out and the floods had driven off all game. For two days there was nothing for these exhausted men to eat, and many were so gloomy over the outlook that they thought of turning back. But Clark had not lost courage. Putting on a brave face, and trying to treat the matter lightly, he laughed and said: "Go out and kill a deer!" His cheerful spirit never faltered.

As they neared the end of their journey some were so weak that canoes had to be built to carry them. When others who were strong enough to wade came to water which was up to

their chins, they began to huddle together as if all hope had fled. Clark could see that if something was not done to arouse them, they would go down in a stupor. Blackening his face with gunpowder, and sounding the war-whoop like an Indian, he fearlessly sprang forward into the ice-cold water. His men followed him without a word.

Two days afterward they stood before the town of Vincennes and demanded its surrender. Hamilton at first refused, but as he was without a fighting force, he had to give up the fort.

Clark's capture of Vincennes was the finishing stroke of his conquest. He had succeeded in one of the boldest plans ever undertaken in America. This region never again passed out of our hands.

In carrying out his plans, Clark had not only risked his health and his life, but he had used up all his property, so that during his last years he was a very poor man.

Led by his own undaunted spirit, he had done more with his few brave followers than is often given to huge armies to accomplish. It

is hard for us to realize the vastness of his conquest, or to measure the greatness of his service to his country.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What bold plan did George Rogers Clark work out?
2. Tell about the journey to Kaskaskia.
3. Imagine yourself with Clark on his wonderful midwinter journey to Vincennes, and tell about your experiences.
4. What kind of man was he? In what ways did he show his patriotism?

CHAPTER XVIII

FRANCIS MARION

South Carolina during the later years of the Revolutionary War was the centre of bitter partisan warfare. By "partisans" we mean private companies of soldiers not belonging to the general command, who fought under their own chosen leader.

Such companies were made up by both sides (or "parties"), those loyal to the King fighting for the British, the patriots fighting for their own country. It often happened that families were divided—brothers fighting against brothers —so bitter was the fighting.

This state of affairs came about because there was no strong American army in the South to protect the people. Some wanted to save their large plantations and the ease and comfort for which they stood; and others went over to the British in fear. For the British threatened

to hang the people as "rebels," if they would not fight for the King.

Those who were too brave to submit were angered at the insults of the British, and thus it happened that the little "partisan" bands of fighters were organized against them. They could not fight battles, but they could harass their foes by suddenly surprising them, breaking up their recruiting parties, snatching away prisoners, and capturing supply-trains and outposts.

Perhaps, the most noted partisan leader was Francis Marion, of South Carolina. He was then about fifty years old, fearless in danger, though never rash in action, careful for his men's lives, but giving little thought to his own, and, though small in body, able to endure great hardships.

He had been a colonel in the regular army and would have been taken a prisoner when Charleston surrendered to the British, except that he had broken his ankle in an accident, and was away on leave. That was a lucky chance for the Americans.

When he recovered from this accident, the

British were swarming into South Carolina, and he raised and drilled a company of neighbors and friends, eager to put in their stroke against the hated foe. They were known as "Marion's Brigade."

MARION AND HIS BRIGADE OF PATRIOTS

These men were without uniforms or tents, and served without pay. They did not look much like soldiers on parade, but were among the bravest and best fighters of the Revolution. Their swords were beaten out of old mill-saws, at the country forge, and their bullets were made largely from pewter mugs and dishes. They could go hours without food, and sleep on the bare ground. Their rations were very scant and simple. Marion, as a rule, ate hominy and potatoes, and drank water flavored with a little vinegar.

The story is told that one day a British officer came to the camp with a flag of truce. Marion, always the true gentleman, invited the visitor to dinner. We can imagine the officer's surprise when, on a log which made the

camp-table, there was served a dinner of roasted sweet potatoes passed on pieces of bark! The officer was still more amazed to learn that even potatoes were something of a luxury.

Marion's brigade, who were farmers and hunters, seldom numbered more than seventy, and often less than twenty. But with this very small force, he annoyed the British beyond measure.

One day a scout brought in the report that a party of ninety British, with two hundred prisoners, was on the march to Charleston. Waiting for the darkness to conceal his movements, Marion with thirty men sallied out, swooped down upon the British camp, capturing the entire force and rescuing all the American prisoners.

It was the custom of Marion's men, when hard-pressed by a superior force, to scatter, each man looking out for himself. Often they would dash headlong into a dense, dark swamp, to meet again at some place agreed upon. Even while they were still in hiding, they would sometimes dart out just as suddenly as they had vanished, and surprise another squad of British

near at hand. "Swamp Fox" was the fitting name the British gave to Marion.

"The Swamp Fox" and the brave and hardy men who gathered about his standard in the South Carolina swamps were true patriots, holding lightly their lives and their money in the service of their country.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell about how Marion and his men lived in the woods.
2. What kind of dinner did Marion give the British officer?
3. Why was Marion called the "Swamp Fox"?
4. How did Marion and his men show their patriotism?

CHAPTER XIX

OLIVER H. PERRY

In twenty years of fighting with France, England had lost only five vessels. In about six months of the first year of fighting with our country, during the War of 1812, she lost every one of the six vessels that fought with the Americans. Europe was amazed, and the Americans were carried away with joy.

These six British vessels had been losers in six naval duels on the sea, that is, when only two vessels took part. Then a great naval battle between an American and an English fleet was fought on Lake Erie.

The American commander, Oliver H. Perry, was a young officer from the naval station at Newport. He had been sent in February to Lake Erie, with orders to build and man a fleet with which to conquer or destroy the British squadron on the lake.

After a hard journey of several weeks through snow and ice, travelling chiefly in

sleighs, he reached the port of Erie about the last of March. Everything had to be begun. Trees had to be felled on the shores of the lake, and vessels made from the green timber. Officers and men had to be brought there and trained for naval warfare. So much had to be done in the making and manning of the fleet that no battle could be fought until early in the autumn.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

On September 10, 1813, the two fleets met. In strength they were about equal.

For two hours after the battle began every vessel of the British fleet poured its fire into the American flag-ship, the *Lawrence.* Captain Perry stayed on the ship until her guns were dismounted and all but a fifth of his men were killed or wounded.

He saw there was but one way to avoid defeat. Quickly jumping into a rowboat, with his twelve-year-old brother and four seamen, he fearlessly started for the *Niagara* a vessel which stood in the rear and thus far had taken little part in the battle.

At once the British turned their guns upon the rowboat. A shot crashed through it; then an oar was splintered. But Perry, standing erect, flag in hand, still kept straight on in his course and reached the *Niagara* in safety. Quickly running up his flag, he gave the signal to go close to the enemy and fire at short range. In less than a half-hour he forced the British captain to strike his colors.

It was a brilliant victory. On the back of an old letter Perry wrote from the deck of the *Niagara* this famous dispatch to the American commander of the Northwest: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

For the first time in her history, Great Britain had lost an entire fleet, and this to a young commander of twenty-eight! Imagine the joy that spread over the country, and the pride of the Americans in their young navy! Captain Perry became the hero of the hour, and great were the honors showered upon him.

More than any other battle of the war, the victory on Lake Erie was won by the courage and energy of one man. For daring and bravery

this battle can hardly be matched in the history of naval warfare. It gave Captain Perry well-earned fame.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What were some of Perry's difficulties when he reached Lake Erie?
2. Imagine yourself with him when he was in the little rowboat on his way to the *Niagara*.
3. How did he show his patriotism? What do you admire about him?

CHAPTER XX

ANDREW JACKSON

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Andrew Jackson was yet a lad, living in the wilds of North Carolina. There was severe fighting between the Americans and the British near his home, and little Andrew, then only thirteen, was made a prisoner of war. One day, when he was ordered by a British officer to clean a pair of muddy boots, Andrew flashed back: "Sir, I am not your slave; I am your prisoner, and as such I refuse to do the work of a slave."

The fiery little lad, who had such a big idea of justice and independence grew up into a fearless, energetic man, and it was not a great many years before he was himself an officer, leading his forces against the Creek Indians in the Southwest, the region between the Ohio and the Mississippi.

The following incident is told of this period: A soldier, thin and forlorn-looking, ap-

proached General Jackson, who was sitting under a tree eating, and, not recognizing him, begged for some food, saying he was nearly starved.

"It has always been a rule with me," replied Jackson, "never to turn away a hungry man when it was in my power to relieve him, and I will now divide what I have with you."

Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a few acorns, saying:

"This is the best and only fare that I have."

The story shows how his love of fair play stayed with him, and how he won the confidence and affection of his men.

As an officer he was firm yet kind, and he caused his enemies to fear him. In this war against the Creeks he conquered them and completely broke their power for all time.

Again he led an army in the War of 1812. He was sent, with the rank of major-general, to defend New Orleans against an attack of the British.

The British army consisted of twelve thousand veterans who had taken part in the war against Napoleon. They expected to win and

their confidence seemed reasonable, for, besides having fought in many battles, they numbered twice as many as the Americans. But the fearless spirit and quick action of "Old Hickory," as Jackson was fondly called by his men, won a great victory.

JACKSON'S HONESTY AND PATRIOTISM

As a successful general, Jackson soon became widely known. His honesty and patriotism, too, took a strong hold on the people, and they elected him President of the United States. This was at the time when the feeling between the North and the South was becoming very tense, and the nation needed a strong leader.

Andrew Jackson was a man of passionate feeling himself, loving his friends and hating his enemies with equal warmth. But no one doubted his fairness, especially in matters which had to do with the good of his country. His strong sense of justice and his high ideal of duty are well shown by his prompt action when the Nullification Act was passed.

To understand this act and why the South passed it, we shall have to know something of

General Andrew Jackson receiving the plaudits of his army after the battle of New Orleans

how matters stood between the North and the South in those days; for our nation had grown rapidly in the years following the Revolution, and had come to include a wide territory.

WHY THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH DID NOT AGREE ABOUT THE TARIFF

The soil and climate of the South made the people there mostly planters, for they could make more money by raising cotton, rice, sugar, and tobacco than in any other way.

Of course, on the big Southern plantations slave labor was very profitable, and after the invention of the cotton-gin (1793), the profits in cotton-raising increased enormously.

In the North, however, there was no place for slave labor. Factories had sprung up along the streams and rivers and only a small part of the people were farmers. Here manufacturing was the chief industry.

What the North did want very much was a tax on goods coming from England, since labor was so cheap there that needed articles could be made, brought across the ocean, and sold at a lower price than American goods could

be sold for. Such a tax, or duty, was called a protective tariff, because it protected or helped American manufacturers.

The Southerners did not like this tariff. They wished to buy the things they needed—such as cheap clothing for the slaves, household tools, and farming implements—where they could buy them cheapest, which was in England, and the tariff would greatly increase their cost of living.

THE HIGH-TARIFF LAWS AND THE NULLIFICATION ACT

There arose bitter opposition, therefore, between the North and the South. But in spite of it Congress passed a high-tariff law in 1828, and another in 1832.

The people of South Carolina were indignant, for they believed they were being treated unjustly. So some of the leading men met in convention and declared: "We here and now nullify the tariff laws." By these words they meant that the laws should not be carried out in South Carolina. This was the Nullification Act.

Then they added, in firm and threatening language: "If the United States Government tries to enforce these laws on our soil, South Carolina will go out of the Union and form a separate nation" (1833). Here was the beginning of a long and bitter struggle between the North and the South about slavery and the tariff.

President Jackson himself did not favor a high tariff, but he was firm in his purpose that whatever law Congress might pass should be enforced in every State in the Union. When the news came to him of what South Carolina had done, he was quietly smoking his corncob pipe. In a flash of anger he cried out: "The Union! It must and shall be preserved! Send for General Scott!"

General Scott was commander of the United States army, and President Jackson was ready to use the army and navy, if it should be necessary, to force any State to obey the laws of the land.

Thus, we see how promptly and decidedly Andrew Jackson met this first attempt of a State to go out of the Union. Although he

did not like the tariff, yet it was his duty as President to defend the Constitution, and he did it without a moment's hesitation. Thus he fearlessly played his part and did what he thought was right and best for the country which he deeply and warmly loved.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What kind of boy was Andrew Jackson? What kind of man was he?
2. Why did the Northern manufacturers wish a tax to be laid on things which were made in English factories?
3. Why were the Southern planters opposed to such taxes?
4. What did South Carolina do? What stand did Andrew Jackson take? What do you admire about him?

CHAPTER XXI

DANIEL WEBSTER

BOYHOOD DAYS

Another strong defender of the Union was Daniel Webster, who devoted his splendid powers as an orator to holding our nation together in the troubled days when the North and the South were finding it hard to agree.

Even in early childhood this remarkable man showed the serious nature, the strong mind, and the warm love of country which were to mark him in later years.

When a lad of eight, he saw in the country store of his home town a cotton handkerchief with the Constitution of the United States printed on it. The price was twenty-five cents, a big amount to this little boy. But he wanted it very much, and gathering up all his small earnings, he bought and treasured it.

From this copy, he learned the Constitution word for word, so that he could repeat it from

beginning to end. When later the great orator powerfully defends the Constitution, we are reminded of the quiet little lad poring over the words on that cotton handkerchief.

The boy Daniel spent much of his time with books, few in number, but good in quality. He read them over and over again until he knew them almost by heart. He liked to memorize noble poems and selections from the Bible, and in this way he stored his mind with the highest kind of truth and became familiar with fine and noble expression.

His liking for books did not prevent him from living much out-of-doors. He fished and hunted and roamed the hills, and engaged in sports with his brothers. He had often, also, as his companion an old English soldier and sailor who lived on the Webster farm. The two were good comrades. The old soldier would entertain the young lad with thrilling tales of adventure on land and sea, or the boy would read to his friend from books which the old man liked well.

In school, although Daniel Webster was a thoughtful boy and had learned much from

nature and from books, he did not rank high. He was always a clear reasoner, however, and his deep, musical voice was pleasant to hear.

In due time he became a very successful lawyer, and his knowledge of law and of government caused him to be elected by Massachusetts to the Senate of the United States. It was there, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, that he gave most noble service to his country.

A MOST UNUSUAL MAN

In appearance he was a man who drew all eyes toward him and his voice moved deeply all who heard him speak. Said a navvy one day in the streets of Liverpool, as Webster passed by, "There goes a King." At another time, an English gentleman, after hearing him speak, exclaimed: "Good Heavens, he is a small cathedral in himself!"

We know, indeed, that he must have been a most unusual man, and those who once had seen his tall figure, with massive head, broad, high forehead, and great coal-black eyes, could never forget him.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S BOLD STAND FOR THE UNION

When the Nullification Act, which President Jackson so promptly opposed, was being discussed, Daniel Webster took a bold stand for the Union. He said: "Congress passed the tariff laws for the whole country. If the Supreme Court of the United States decides that Congress has the power, according to the Constitution, to pass such laws, that settles the matter. South Carolina and every other State must submit to this and to every other law that Congress sees fit to make!"

Daniel Webster firmly believed that the Union had power over the States. His deep love for the Union breathes all through his masterly speeches, the most famous of which is his "Reply to Hayne" at this time.

Hayne, a senator from South Carolina, was on the side of the South and set forth its views in a public debate. He had declared that each State was its own master, and so powerful seemed his arguments that many doubted whether even Daniel Webster could answer them. But had he not known the Constitution by heart since

a child, and had he not carefully studied it ever since? New England, especially, fearing the dangerous doctrine of State rights and needing the protection of the tariff, awaited anxiously the outcome.

A GREAT VICTORY FOR THE UNION

When, therefore, on the morning of January 26, 1830, Mr. Webster entered the Senate Chamber to make his reply to Hayne, he found a crowd of eager men and women waiting to hear him. "It is a critical moment," said a friend to Mr. Webster, "and it is high time that the people of this country should know what this Constitution *is*."

"Then," said Webster, "by the blessing of Heaven, they shall learn this day, before the sun goes down, what I understand it to be."

The nation was Webster's theme, his sole purpose being to strengthen the bonds of the Union. For four hours he held his audience spellbound, while he set forth in a convincing way the meaning of the Constitution.

The orator won a great victory. Not only were many of his hearers in the Senate Chamber

that day convinced, but loyal Americans all over the country, as they read it, felt a deeper devotion to the Union. His last words, "Liberty and Union! one and inseparable, now and forever!" became a watchword to the nation.

As he loved the Union, so he loved the emblem of the Union, our flag. Even to the day of his death, he showed his deep affection for it. During the last two weeks of his life, he was troubled much with sleeplessness. A window near his bed looked out upon a body of water, where lay his little boat at anchor.

He had a ship-lantern so hung that its light would fall upon the Stars and Stripes of the flag flying over the boat. The sight of the flag, the emblem of the Union which had called forth his noblest efforts, seemed to bring comfort in the long hours of the night. Every evening at six it was raised and kept flying until six in the morning up to the day of Webster's death.

To Daniel Webster we owe much for his splendid patriotic service in helping to keep our country united as one great nation.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell the story about Daniel Webster and the cotton handkerchief.
2. Can you tell how he looked?
3. What was his idea of the Union?
4. How did he show his splendid patriotism?

CHAPTER XXII

FRANCES E. WILLARD

In the making of our republic, women played mostly a silent part. They were the home-makers, and in the days when work was largely done by hand, the ordinary tasks of the household filled much of their time.

In the present age many things that used to keep women busy in the home are done in shops and factories. This has given women a greater freedom to share in the interests of the public good outside the home.

Among the first women to win national fame was Frances E. Willard. She was a gifted teacher who enjoyed her work with young people, but she came to feel a deep interest in the cause of temperance and chose to devote her life to putting down the drink evil.

In 1874 she was made secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union—a

national body—and five years later was elected its president. In 1888 she was made president of the World's Christian Temperance Union.

Although she had almost no means of support, she refused to take any money for her services. But this meant real hardship, for she often had to go without bread, and sometimes she walked for miles at a time because she had not even the price of a car-fare. Of course, when the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union learned about her poverty, they insisted upon paying her a small salary.

Her beauty of character, her love for others, her sympathy, and her enthusiasm made her very successful in her work. She gave freely of her strength, using all her powers of body and mind to carry on the great life-work to which she had devoted herself.

In a single year she travelled more than thirty thousand miles, speaking in every State in the Union. During a period of twelve years she made one speech a day, on an average, allowing herself only a scant six weeks in twelve months to spend in her quiet home—Rest

Cottage—with the loving companionship of her mother.

Her whole life was an example of unselfish devotion to others. Especially did those women and children who were innocent sufferers from the great curse of drink appeal to her warm heart.

Her mind was very active. Even when going from place to place on the railway-train, her pen was busy, her printed work reaching those whom she could not reach by her voice. Though filled with never-ending work, her days were bright with love for the cause to which she was giving her life, and faith in its final victory. It was a joy and an inspiration to know her; and wherever she went, she touched the hearts and quickened the hopes of those who came under her personal influence.

Said a cultivated Southern woman after hearing her speak: "The first time I heard her I lay awake all night for sheer gladness. It was such a wonderful revelation to me that a woman like Miss Willard could exist. I thanked God and took courage for humanity."

It was courage like this that she gave to

the thousands who came under the spell of her remarkable personality. They were encouraged not only to do what they could by themselves, but also to unite cheerfully with others in carrying out their plans. To her friends and coworkers she often said: "Alone we can do little."

Her life and work were not in vain, for the eyes of the nation have been opened to the great waste and wrong of the drink evil, and the temperance cause has come to be one of the leading issues of the day. We are not likely to overestimate the value of Frances E. Willard's patriotic service in making our land better and happier to live in.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. What proof have we of Miss Willard's poverty after she was made president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union?
2. Tell all you can about how hard she worked.
3. What did a cultivated Southern woman say about her?
4. In what ways did she show her patriotism?
5. What do you admire in her?

CHAPTER XXIII

CLARA BARTON

Few bodies of public workers, especially in time of war, appeal to us so much as the Red Cross. You will be interested to know that the American Red Cross was started by a small, rather frail-looking woman—Clara Barton—who had seen the wonderful work of the Red Cross in Europe.

As a child she was shy and sensitive, with an active mind and a very tender heart toward all suffering.

Her imagination was quick, and she used to listen breathlessly, upon her father's knee, to his stories of patriotism and deeds of daring; for he had fought in the Indian wars of the Northwest, and never tired of sharing with her his recollections of those days. The battlefield thus came to have a familiar place in her mind.

She was fond of all daring sports, being able to run and ride like a boy. "When five years old," she says, "I rode wild horses like a little Mexican."

When she was only eleven years old, she had her first experience in that service which twenty-five years later became her great life-work. At a barn-raising on her father's farm, her brother David, who was known to be fearless in sports, took a dare and climbed to the peak of the building to fasten the rafters to the ridge-pole. A board broke under his feet, and he fell to the earth, where his body struck some heavy timbers.

For two years he lay a helpless cripple, lingering between life and death. During all this time, the faithful little Clara tenderly nursed him. "For two years," she once said, in speaking of that experience, "I only left his bedside for one half-day. I almost forgot that there was an outside of the house."

The strain of these years of inactive, indoor life stopped her growth, and she was never more than five feet three inches in height. But though small in body, she had unusual power

of endurance, for she had always been fond of daring sports.

When she was only fifteen, she became a teacher and continued to teach for eighteen years. She had wonderful success, and her pupils loved her; but she worked so hard that she lost her voice for a time and had to give up.

After a brief rest, wishing to be employed at something useful, she took up government work in the Patent Office at Washington, being one of the first women to be thus employed.

CLARA BARTON'S GREAT LIFE-WORK BEGINS

So it happened that she had been in Washington about five years when the Civil War, which was her great opportunity for service, broke out. Her patriotism breathes true and warm in a letter written to a friend in the early days of the war. She said: "I think the city will be attacked in the next sixty days. If it must be, let it come, and when there is no longer a soldier's arm to raise the Stars and Stripes above the Capitol, may God give strength to mine!"

The first soldiers to arrive in Washington (April, 1861), in answer to President Lincoln's call, were from Massachusetts, near Clara Barton's old home. They had been attacked by a mob in Baltimore, where the war was not in favor, and many were wounded, among them some whom Clara Barton had known in her youth. She wrote home: "We bound their wounds and fed them." Thus began her active service in the war.

Always sensitive, feeling deeply the hurts of others, and urged by her strong desire to relieve pain, she at once became the centre of relief for the suffering and needy soldiers.

During the following weeks of the summer, she collected supplies, stored them, and gave them out. She also met returning wounded soldiers at the docks, washed their neglected wounds, and took them to the hospitals, going back and forth to each incoming boat.

CARING FOR THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD

But giving the wounded attention as soon as they were brought to Washington was not

enough. She grieved that so many must suffer and even die without care on the battle-field. She felt that she herself must go to the front and give immediate aid to the men who had fallen. It was months before she was allowed to go, but when, after many rebuffs, she was at last granted passports, she was so overcome that she wept tears of joy.

It was on the day after the battle of Cedar Mountain that she arrived at the front. A letter from the field tells something of her experiences there:

"Five days and nights with three hours of sleep—a narrow escape from capture—and some days of getting the wounded into hospitals at Washington brought Sunday, August 30. And if you chance to feel that the positions I occupied were rough and unseemly for a *woman*—I can only reply that they were rough and unseemly for *men*. But under all lay the life of the nation. I had inherited the rich blessing of health and strength of constitution—such as are seldom given to woman—and I felt that some return was due from me and that I ought to be there."

Till the end of the war she gave all her time and strength to nursing the wounded and dying on the battle-field. No demand was too great, no service was too small, if it added comfort to the suffering soldiers. They called her "The Angel of the Battlefield." Through her foresight and efforts, the service in caring for the wounded was much improved.

When the war was over, she spent four years in tracing the forty thousand "missing" soldiers of the war, and then she was obliged to rest.

During this period of rest she went to Europe, and while she was there the Franco-Prussian War (1870) broke out. She was caught up once more by a longing to do service for the wounded and suffering.

Again her slight figure, in a plain dark dress, could be seen on the battle-field, or in the stricken cities, making its way through the shattered streets, or entering bombarded houses and villages to seek out the starving, half-clothed women and children. For this work she had been sought by the leaders of the International Red Cross, as the fame of her service in the Civil War had gone before her.

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

This body of workers, organized for deeds of mercy, was by agreement of the nations permitted to work on all battle-fields. Through their wonderful and perfect system Clara Barton found they could get together in four days supplies which it had taken her four years to gather on the battle-field.

Believing that the United States should join in this great work of mercy, to which twenty-two nations had signed agreement, she came back to the United States, hoping to accomplish that end. Through her influence the American Red Cross was organized (1881), and she became its first president.

Everywhere now the emblem of the Red Cross meets us. It stands for gentle, loving, and skilful service to suffering humanity. Those suffering from pestilence, famine, earthquake, and other calamities have reason to love it. But the broadest field of Red Cross service is in the war. The Red Cross gathers up the wounded soldiers in arms of mercy, and to them, far from the loving ministries

of home, it is "the greatest mother in the world."

The red cross on a white background is seen flying at every military post; military surgeons and attendants wear it, and, according to the agreement of nations, are thus made free to carry on their work on the battlefield, however the fortunes of war may waver.

Miss Barton as head of the American Red Cross became a great power in any time of need. All helpers bent to her will; wires flashed her messages, papers published her requests, and the country stood behind her.

After reaching a ripe old age, she was urged to write the story of her life. "A great thing like this," said admiring friends, "must never be put aside for the multitude." But there never seemed to be time for such a task. If she began to write, some need for her service stopped her pen. There was always time to attend to that!

Her own fame was left to take care of itself. And well it did, for Clara Barton's name will always be linked with the great and beautiful work which she began. Wherever the Amer-

ican Red Cross ministers to suffering, there her memorial is erected.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Tell about Clara Barton's nursing her brother when she was a young girl.
2. Do you remember what she said in a patriotic letter in the early days of the Civil War?
3. Why did she feel that she must go to the battle-field and aid the men who had fallen there?
4. What can you tell about the great work of the American Red Cross, of which Miss Barton became the first president?
5. What do you admire about this true patriot?

CHAPTER XXIV

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PERHAPS of all our patriots none is more beloved than he who guided us through the dark days of the Civil War—Abraham Lincoln. To the people of our country the very name of Lincoln suggests self-sacrificing devotion to America.

Some day perhaps you will read the inspiring story of his wonderful life; just now we can only make brief mention of a few incidents in it. From them, however, you may come to know something of the strength and nobility of his character and to love him for his great kindness and good-will to others.

From the early days of his childhood throughout the long, burdened years of his later life, a spirit of helpfulness was one of his marked traits. He could not see a need but he longed to fill it.

When only a little boy of seven, he was his

father's helper in building the cabin which was to be the family shelter in the frontier forest of Indiana. Manfully the little fellow worked with his axe, clearing away the bushes and underbrush, while his father cut down saplings and made poles for the rude cabin which was to be their home.

When, as a youth of seventeen, he assisted the neighbors in their farm-work, we find the same helpful spirit. He did the work that was expected of him, and found time also to lend a helping hand to the busy housewife—making the fire, bringing in water, or doing some other humble task. Wherever he was or whatever he did, he won friends by his kindly, generous spirit.

When, at the age of twenty-two, he left his father's home and became a storekeeper in New Salem, he continued to be the same ready helper that he had been in earlier years. If a wagon mired in New Salem's crooked, muddy street, it was Abraham's strong young shoulders that lifted hardest. If a poor widow's woodpile ran low, Abraham found time to chop wood for her. He watched by the bedside of the sick. He rocked the cradle for tired

mothers. Wherever there was an opportunity to reach out a helping hand, he stood ready with friendly sympathy and kindly service.

Besides being a cheerful worker and ready helper, he was also a good comrade because he had so much good humor and told so many funny stories. He liked to make speeches, too, and in this way often amused and entertained his friends.

A CAREFUL STUDENT OF BOOKS AND A GOOD PUBLIC SPEAKER

While so generous to his friends, he was also true to himself. He had a great thirst for knowledge, and in spite of his scant schooling—less than a year in his whole life—he lost no opportunity to read and study.

There were few books in his home, but he borrowed every one that he knew about, thinking a walk of ten or twelve miles a small price to pay for the privilege of reading a good book. Even the dictionary was carefully studied, and a book of the Statutes of Indiana, which contained also the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, gave him his first insight

into the great subject of law, which later became his chief study.

He was a good public speaker, for he thought clearly and reasoned soundly. Then, too, his honesty and sincerity helped in winning others to his opinion, for he would make no argument in which he did not himself believe. Early in life he was called "Honest Abe," and he grew up a true-hearted man, trusted by all who knew him.

He was stalwart in body—six feet four inches in height—and fond of all vigorous exercise. In every group, whether of wrestlers, or story-tellers, or debaters, he was, by consent of all, the leader, for even in his early days was revealed something of the qualities of later years.

HE SEES SOMETHING OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD

Of course, the life of a boy growing up in a new, sparsely settled town is quite shut off from the outside world. But Abraham's reading had widened his interests, and as he watched the boats carrying freight up and down the river, his thoughts eagerly followed them.

At last came his chance to see something of the outside world.

First, it was a trip down the Ohio, and later, down the Mississippi, both times in trading flatboats. On the second trip, in the city of New Orleans, Lincoln witnessed a sight which he never forgot, and which had great influence on his later life.

New Orleans was at that time full of slaves, and their number was constantly increasing. One of the saddest features was the slave-market. Here Lincoln saw, for the first time, men and women sold like animals. He saw negro slaves chained and whipped.

Looking on at a slave-auction he received a great shock. As one slave after another was knocked down to the highest bidder, his indignation grew until at length he cried out: "Boys, let's get away from this. If I ever get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard."

It was after his return from this trip, and while he was acting as storekeeper in New Salem, that a piece of great good fortune befell him.

LAW STUDENT AND LAWMAKER

One day a man moving west drove up to his store in a wagon loaded with the family goods. He wanted to get rid of one barrel which, he said, had nothing of special value in it. To oblige him, Lincoln bought it for half a dollar. His surprise was great when, at the bottom of the barrel, he found a copy of Blackstone, a great law book. To Lincoln it was a true gold-mine. He read it day by day, never tiring.

At the age of twenty-five, he had so many friends and was so well thought of that he won the election to the legislature of Illinois. Here he was observed as a quiet, thoughtful young man with good common sense and good nature. He was really at school, listening, thinking, and learning.

After leaving the legislature, he became a lawyer. Twelve years later he was sent to Congress at Washington. Here he was the same plain, simple man that he had always been, modest in dress, homely in speech, and sincere in manner, making friends by his quaint, droll

stories, but taking no important place in the doings of Congress.

LINCOLN BECOMES A NATIONAL FIGURE

Up to that time, he had lived the quiet life of a simple-hearted backwoodsman. But he was moving slowly yet surely to the place and time where he would let fall the blow he had promised when he saw the slave-auction at New Orleans.

In the meantime, the question of slavery was being talked over in all parts of the country. Lincoln had debated it many times in the towns and cities of his State.

In 1857, came his great debate with the brilliant and polished Stephen A. Douglas. The eyes of the whole country were upon these two men. Lincoln had become a national figure. Those who wished to keep slavery feared him. Those who wished to put an end to it hailed him as their leader.

A few years after the debates with Douglas, he had found so large a place in the hearts of his countrymen that they chose him for the highest office in the land—that of President of

the United States. Then came the great opportunity of service for which the quiet years of preparation had fitted him.

But at once a nearer evil than slavery was thrown across his pathway. The South, where slavery had its home, had threatened to leave the Union, if Lincoln was elected. For he had said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." By this he meant that in time the whole country would be either slave or free, and the South feared him.

Even before Lincoln could take his place as President, several States attempted to leave the Union. They did all that was in their power except to force the government to give its consent. So Lincoln's immediate duty was to save the Union, even by war if need be.

THE DARK STORM BREAKS

Barely had he entered upon the duties of his office when the dark storm that had threatened broke. South Carolina seceded. Fort Sumter was fired upon. The Union was in danger. Immediately a great army must be raised.

We will pass over the grim details of that

cruel war, the battles in the field, the bitter struggles in Congress and in the country at large. We can never know the suffering, the heartaches, the sorrows, and privations of those four years—1861–1865. We can never realize with what personal sacrifice and agony of spirit President Lincoln served his country through those perilous, dreary years.

But even when defeat followed defeat, his faith and courage never wavered. In one of the darkest hours, when the *Merrimac* threatened to destroy the Union fleet and the country was in a panic, we hear the clear, calm voice of Lincoln declaring: "I have not the slightest fear of any result that shall impair our military and naval strength. This is God's fight and He will win in His own time. He will take care of us."

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Many expected that Lincoln would immediately free the slaves when the South seceded, and criticised him for not doing so. But Lincoln felt that he, as President, had no authority to do this.

It was to save the Union that his oath of office bound him, and he said: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear to do, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

But as the war went on, he became certain that the slaves, by remaining on the plantations and by producing food for the Southern soldiers, were aiding the Southern armies. It was then that he felt it right as a war measure to set the slaves free in all the territory where people were fighting against the Union, just as fast as that territory was conquered by Union troops. By thus weakening the South he would help bring victory to the Union.

The famous state paper in which Lincoln declared that such slaves were free was called the Emancipation Proclamation. It was issued on January 1, 1863, and thus Lincoln made true his words, "If ever I get a chance to strike

that thing [meaning slavery], I'll strike it hard."

When Lincoln signed this great paper, he struck the shackles from a million human beings.

THE GETTYSBURG SPEECH

But the freeing of the slaves did not bring an end to the fighting. The year wore on, and some terrible battles were fought. One of the most deadly was on the field of Gettysburg. Here fell sixty-six hundred "Boys in Blue" and "Boys in Gray," and here they were buried.

A day was appointed (November 19, 1863) for the consecration of the place made sacred by the sacrifice of so many lives, and a vast company assembled to do honor to the occasion. Edward Everett was the orator of the day. The President, also, was to make a brief speech. Perhaps nowhere is his nobility of spirit better shown than in the words he spoke at this dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg.

When Mr. Lincoln arose and came forward, the vast audience sat hushed as, for a moment,

he stood with bowed head and hands clasped behind him. So impressed were the people with the sad-eyed countenance, furrowed with care and sorrow, that they almost forgot to cheer. For a moment he met their gaze in silence, as if unconscious of their presence, and then spoke as follows:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we

say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The words are few and simple, but they fitted the occasion and went straight to the hearts of the people.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH THE SOLDIERS

In no way did Lincoln's tender, sympathetic nature better reveal itself than in his relations with the soldiers. Most of them were only boys under twenty-one years of age; so that in their uniforms of blue capes and caps they were in fact as in name "Boys in Blue."

Lincoln's first visits to them were when they were encamped just outside of Washington, before they had had any experience of campaigns and battles, or knew anything of the cruelties and hardships of war. It was there that many came to know him, to feel his friendly hand-clasp, to receive his "God bless you," and to believe that he cared for them not only as soldiers but as human beings.

When he visited their camp, and passed down the long rows of tents, he showed an interest in everything that touched their daily living. To their hearty greetings he answered by smiles and nods, and in many ways he made it plain that he was their friend. Looking upon his sorrow-stricken but kindly face, they said: "He cares for us; he makes us fight, but he cares." "Father Abraham" they loved to call him, and to him every man bearing a musket was as a son.

And in making friends of his "Boys in Blue," Lincoln won his way to the hearts of thousands of fathers and mothers throughout the North, who had reason to bless his name and memory.

Through the days of the long and bitter

struggle he went his way, burdened and sorrowing, but always trusting that the right would prevail. "Let us have faith," he said in one of his speeches, "that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

THE KINDNESS OF A GREAT SOUL

However great his load, he always had a cheerful word or a kind deed for those who were in trouble. One day two women called to beg the release of two men in jail for resisting the draft. Their request led Lincoln to release all the men in the same jail for that offense.

The elder of the women, an aged mother, was much affected, and said to the President quietly as she was leaving: "I shall probably never see you again until we meet in heaven." This touched the President keenly, and one of his friends, observing the effect, told him that he should protect himself against such trying scenes.

"Things of the sort you have just seen don't hurt me," Lincoln replied. "It is the only thing to-day that has made me forget my condition

or has given me any pleasure. Then he added these beautiful words: "Die when I may, I wish it said of me by those who know me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

Hardly had the war ended and Lincoln begun to look forward to days of peace after the awful struggle, when the hand of an assassin struck him down.

The nation mourned their martyr-President as with a personal grief. Their great leader and friend was gone. But he had fulfilled his mission. He had saved the Union and freed the slaves.

He gave the "last full measure of devotion" in the service of his country, and in that country no name is held higher in love and honor than that of Abraham Lincoln.

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. How did Abraham Lincoln show his helpful attitude when a little boy, and also when a youth of seventeen?
2. How do you know he had a great thirst for knowledge?
3. Tell about his trip to New Orleans and the slave-auction he saw there.
4. What did Lincoln mean when he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand"?

5. What did he say about slavery in its bearing upon the saving of the Union?
6. What reason had he for issuing the Emancipation Proclamation? What was this great state paper?
7. The Gettysburg address is a wonderful speech. Would you like to learn it by heart?
8. Why did the "Boys in Blue," call Lincoln "Father Abraham"?
9. Tell the story of the two women who begged Lincoln to release two men in jail for resisting the draft.
10. In what ways was Lincoln a true patriot?

CHAPTER XXV

HOW WE MAY BE PATRIOTS

As you have read these pages, you have seen that our country has a long line of noble men and women who unselfishly gave time and strength and often life itself in her service.

In the early days of the colonies, the founders of our nation endured great hardship that they might establish a free land.

The brave men of Revolutionary days fought against a great nation, and with little but their resolute spirits to encourage them, to keep this country free.

In the Civil War, thousands of young men, to whom life was bright and dear, cheerfully laid it down to preserve the Union, and make it a nation of free people.

The memory of these heroes, many of them unknown to us by name, is a precious inheritance. What has cost so much we cannot but value highly.

We know that to this land have come millions of people from foreign countries—some in earlier days, some but recently—among them your ancestors and mine, the ancestors of us all.

AMERICA A LAND OF LIBERTY AND OPPORTUNITY

We ask, Why have they come? For what has America stood that she has drawn so many millions of people from their far-distant homes across the seas? Why have they left their relatives and friends, to take the long, hard ocean journey to a land that is new and strange, and where perhaps their own language is not spoken? Why have they chosen this as their home? Why do they wish to become American citizens?

In many cases, it is the love of freedom which has drawn them—the same spirit which brought the Pilgrims and other colonists across the seas to these shores back in the days when life here was a hard and perilous struggle.

To others it has meant the land of opportunity—better wages, better homes, better chances for their children.

Others have come for different reasons, but all because America had offered them something they could not get in their own country.

And to all America has stood as the land of liberty and opportunity. As the newcomers approach the great port of New York, the first glimpse they catch of their new country is the beautiful Statue of Liberty in the harbor. Free and noble she stands as the spirit of our America, holding aloft the torch of liberty. Here men may live and work and breathe the glorious air of freedom and hope.

The brave people of the early days of our nation were so grateful for the privileges of a free land that they were willing to give much of sacrifice and service in return.

It has fallen to us to live in easier times. Not one of us probably has known hunger and cold and discomfort such as these people bore without complaint in their joy to be free and their desire to pass on a free country to their children.

Perhaps we have taken our blessings too much as a matter of course, not realizing with what price of suffering and sacrifice they have

been bought. But if we think for a moment of what life would be without them, we know how much we prize them. And I hope down deep in our hearts is the willingness to bear and sacrifice, if need be, in the same spirit as those people of earlier times. None of us is so unfair as to take all and give nothing.

HOW CAN *I* HELP MY COUNTRY?

I hope you are already thinking: "How can *I* help my country?" There are many ways.

First, remembering that you will soon grow up and take upon yourselves the duties of citizens, prepare for that time by doing your study and work faithfully each day. You who are children to-day will soon be grown men and women. You must be ready to do your part of the work of the world. You will not be, if you let slip your opportunities now.

Second, we can save. Even children are asked to save their pennies and buy war stamps. For our country can use these pennies to help our brave soldiers overseas. We can also save food and other materials. Care of our books

and our clothing, and of all property is to-day real patriotism.

Third, we cannot only save food, but help produce it. Boys and girls who are willing to give up some hours of play to work in gardens —even perhaps when the sun is hot and the muscles ache—in order to help feed those who are fighting to win victory in this awful war are showing some of the brave spirit of good soldiers.

Fourth, we can all have the spirit of helpfulness. We all see each day some chance to serve or help another. And we shall find that the more we do these little services, the happier we shall be. For you and I know that making others happy makes us happy.

And, of course, if we have this helpful spirit, we shall work loyally with our parents and teachers. What kind of soldier would he be who would not obey orders, but tried to add to his commander's difficulties? Loyalty to home and school is a part of loyalty to our country.

OUR GREAT PURPOSE IN ENTERING THIS WAR

President Wilson has spoken for us in noble words our great purpose in entering this war. We desire to see the right cause triumph and a just peace established, so that even the smaller and weaker nations may live safe and unharmed, and so that we, and the children that come after us, may know the joy of freedom. With all that the war is costing and will cost in lives and sorrows and money, we are happier than in the days when we were only onlookers in the struggle. For we are doing our duty, and taking our part, whatever the cost.

And we do not fight alone. The brave and good of other days are by our side. We have as comrades a noble army of great and unselfish patriots.

We love our beautiful country and are proud of her glorious history. In loving her and serving her, we strive to serve all the nations. For in a sense all the nations of the world are one great family. One nation cannot fail in justice and honor without all nations bearing the consequences. One nation cannot suffer

from wrong or injustice without all nations suffering with it.

Let us, therefore, earnestly resolve that we will each do our part to keep the nation to which we belong strong and true in her inner life, and in her relations toward all other nations.

If we keep our country's good ever before us, making such sacrifices as we are called upon to make for her, we belong to the noble company of patriots as truly as did Washington or Lincoln. Are you a patriot?

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. Why have so many million people come from foreign countries to make their homes in America?
2. Why were the brave people of the early days of our nation willing to give much of sacrifice and service?
3. In what four ways can *you* help your country?
4. What was our great purpose in entering this war? Why was it our duty to do so?
5. Make a list of the patriots you have come to know in this book.
6. Do you clearly understand what it is to be patriotic? Have you a strong desire to be a patriot?

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